# The Improvement R A

SEPTEMBER, 1932

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# The Improvement

Vol. 35, No. 11

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

### FORECAST

THE United Order Answers" is the title of an article written by Dr. Joseph A. Geddes, professor of sociology of the Utah State Agricultural College, which will appear in the October number of the Improvement Era. Dr. Geddes has made a careful study of "The Order" and gives his findings. The article is timely just now when people are dreaming once more of Utopias.

A RE You A Wet-Dry or a Dry-Dry?" George Albert Smith, Jr., asks this interesting question which is puzzling the nation and answers it with logic and statistics.

ELDER Melvin J. Ballard, a member of the Council of the Twelve and business manager of the Improvement Era, will be the subject of the sketch by President Bryant S. Hinckley in an early number.

1 1 1

THREE stories — "The Gift Horse," a tale of a pair of lovers and a horse; "Fire and Sang" a position of the stories of the sto Song," a poetic yet fiery story; and a short short story will be the offerings in fiction for Octo-

## 1 1 THE COVER

THE cover this month shows a photograph and the artist's conception of the new monument by Knaphus which is to adorn the Hill Cumorah.

## For Every Member of the Family

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Harrison R. Merrill Managing Editor

Heber J. Grant, Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

# Prohibition—How We Stand

CURRENT agitation of the liquor question gives to it a place of foremost importance in popular consideration. Friends and opponents of the Prohibition laws are engaged in a titanic struggle for the supremacy of their respective views. The issues presented are and ought to be of deep interest to every citizen of the country. They are likewise of serious interest to members of the Church as such, because the question involved concerns very intimately the personal moral welfare of the men and women and youth of the Nation and of the Church in the Nation. Nothing that touches the moral welfare of the people is without consequence in our religious philosophy.

With such a premise for justification of the public expression of our views on this question, we unitedly

issue this statement.

The Eighteenth Amendment, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, is part and parcel of the Constitution of the United States. It will so remain until it shall be, if ever, abrogated by voice of the people, as provided by law. The processes provided for the repeal of an amendment to the Constitution of necessity require long periods of time for their consummation. While there is much public agitation to set these processes in motion, it should be clearly understood that the question of repeal is not now, and perchance may not be hereafter, placed before the American people for their official expression. Even if the proponents for repeal are ultimately successful in their endeavor to have the question legally placed before the States for determining action, much time will likely elapse before such a definite issue can be presented for popular or legislative vote.

Meanwhile we do not hesitate to give the emphatic counsel that it is the unqualified duty of every citizen to continue loyally to support the Eighteenth Amendment and the laws of Congress in relation thereto. The officers of the Government who are

charged with the responsibility of maintaining this particular law should have the help and encouragement of every person who enjoys citizenship under our Constitution. There can be no justification under our system of government for violation of this law nor for tolerance in its violation.

The Church is so firmly committed to the maintenance and support of the governments in which its members have citizenship that it must regard violations of the law of the land as serious infractions of its own discipline and principles of Church government. We believe that any other position is untenable, either for ourselves as Church members or for other citizens of the Republic. We believe also that there is no better way to adequately test the value and ultimate worth of a law or principle than by strict and universal enforcement.

With the purpose of the Prohibition measures we have complete sympathy. They were designed to promote the cause of temperance and ultimately to bring about complete abstinence from intoxicating liquors. The position of the Church with reference to the use of intoxicants and other body poisons is well known. We do not need to restate it here.

It is not our desire to become involved in political controversy. In fact, we wish it distinctly understood that the aid of the Church or of ourselves as officials of it is not available to any candidate or party. We do feel at liberty, however, to stand for and strongly to encourage the enforcement of the laws of our Country and to support any and all officials who honestly endeavor to administer them. It is our earnest hope that the members of the Church may be foremost among the citizens of the Country in living and otherwise encouraging and fortifying the maintenance of our laws under the Constitution of the Nation.

—The First Presidency and Council of the Twelve of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

THE M. I. A. has always stood and will continue to stand for the non-use of liquor. We believe and teach that it is not good for man. Alcohol strikes at the very foundation of human progress. The M. I. A. helped to secure Prohibition and regards it as the most successful means yet tried or devised for the control of the liquor traffic. Laws are rarely one hundred per cent successful. Since the observation and enforcement of this legislation would mean that the laborers of our country would buy food, clothing, shelter and education for their families with

money that might otherwise be spent for drink, the M. I. A. stands strongly against repeal and strongly for the enforcement of our liquor laws. The ground already gained ought not to be surrendered. Liquor has always been and it will continue to be the intimate ally of crime. Fighting the one is the surest way of decreasing the other. Let us struggle on and on and on. Since this enemy of the happiness of mankind will never quit, good citizens will always have it to fight.—General Boards Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations.

# Where Do Church Leaders Stand?

THE task of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment sometimes looms so large that conscientious people often wonder if it can be done. Such people should have their attention called to the struggles which have accompanied every forward movement among men since the dawn of history. No one seems to think that we should abolish the prohibition of murder or thievery even though we seem to be having considerable trouble in forcing people to keep the law and to punish them if they break it.

The talk about abrogating personal liberty through the enforcement of the prohibition law is chiefly idle talk. There can be—and perhaps there should be—no personal liberty in a world that is struggling up toward the Christian ideal until persons learn to

live above the law.

The prohibition law does not in any way affect a

conscientious person who sees that the drinking of intoxicating liquors endangers the lives of others, shortens and cheapens his own life, coarsens the society in which he lives. He would not drink if there were no law other than the law of his own conscience. Those who know those things and still persist in drinking ought to be prohibited from so doing, just as a thief, in all probability, should be prohibited from stealing. The fact that hundreds of thieves steal and are never caught or that a few of them grow fabulously rich through theft is no argument in favor of removing the prohibition laws from our books.

In order that members of the Church, at least, may know how their leaders view the liquor problem, statements from them are published in these pages.

—H. R. M.

# Pioneers in Many Ways

IN an address given at one of the sessions of the First International Recreation Congress at Los Angeles, held recently, Judge Scott of Los Angeles pointed out the interesting and sound bit of truth that the Pioneers of earlier generations had in their daily lives a certain hope of thrills, and in the realization of their hopes they were seldom disappointed. Danger lurked in every ambush-Indians, animals, enemies-all these were a regular and exciting part of living. To trek miles across a lonely wilderness, hearing the calls of coyotes and wolves in the dark night; to know that unless small amounts of food held out, hunger waited just around the corner; to realize that a drop of a few degrees in temperature might mean frozen ears and feet during the night; these things, to youth, spelled thrills, even though the word was not in the common usage then that it is today. Boys and girls had no need to manufacture their own excitement-life prepared it for them and served it in overdoses, at times. Judge Scott laid emphasis upon the fact that the hazards and romance of Pioneer days are woefully lacking today, and to find their equivalent, Youth goes down by and forbidden paths. That is the problem which confronts the present world. And the answer to it. in the opinion of Judge Scott as well as many others who have thoughtfully worked the matter out, is in well-directed recreation. "The boy who steals a base is not likely to be stealing an automobile," was his epigrammatic way of putting it, and in his words is much food for thought.

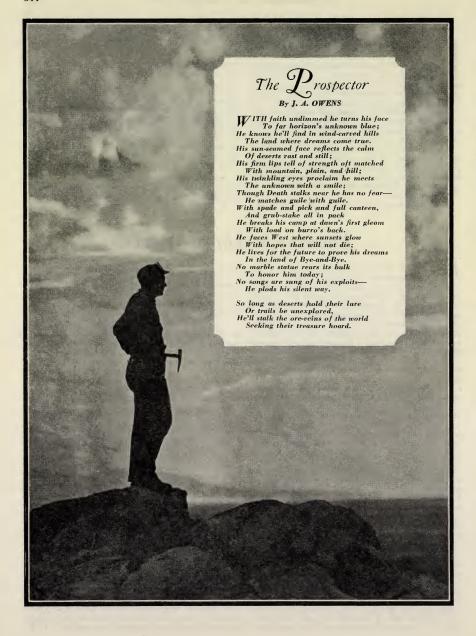
Baseball is not simply a means of filling in spare time; it is, as well a training in team-work which has in it many of life's important factors. To join forces with a cause and sacrifice personal pride and desire to excel in an effort to help the team to win is fundamentally a principle of good citizenship. To win or lose, and do either well and with a handshake for the other side, is the basis of good sportsmanship. To know one's associates well enough to love

them for their virtues and in spite of their faults is to put into life some of the sweetness, the wholesome association, the joyous emotional uplift which will perfume the years ahead with memory's fragrance. To learn to play well, fairly and fully is to learn, in part, how to live that way.

The old world knows better than the new how to use leisure hours to good advantage. The peace of long hours by the sea; the joy of reading good books: the tranquil pleasure of companionship and conversation—these are a valuable part of their lives. They do not need suicidal coasters, chutes and whirligigs to make them enjoy the sea, any more than they need tabloid papers to enliven them between novels or somewhere to go when a friend drops in.

It is not entirely strange that America should have learned to play late. The Puritans and Pilgrims came to the country with a great solemnity upon them, and light-heartedness was almost as regrettable as light-headedness, or lightness of moral purpose. It took years for that tradition of seriousness to wear off; so long had goodness been tied up with dullness that it was difficult to associate joy with righteousness. The time has come when the two are becoming compatible. Happiness should go hand in hand with goodness, for it is one result of goodness.

It is more than interesting to realize that Brigham Young was one of the first to teach these truths, now being faced squarely by educators and philosophers. He provided the Pioneers time and occasion to sing and dance and speak; he knew that morality is not sad and long-faced, and the more it is made to appear so, the less desirable it will be in the eyes of oncoming generations. It is a great thing to belong to a Church in which recreation is considered a week-day part of religion. An unformulated slogan of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been, for many years. The Rose of the Sales, and fewer automobiles stolen!—Fi. T. B.



# Educators and By DR. F. S. HARRIS President of Brigham Young University Prohibition

In this article Dr. Harris has assembled some important testimony and has added to it his own statement regarding prohibition.

E hear a good many opinions these days regarding the success or failure of prohibition. Scarcely can a person enter a hotel lobby, stand on the street corner, or ride on a train without hearing someone vigorously defend or viciously attack the prohibition amendment. This is one question about which almost everyone seems to have a pretty definite idea, and there seems to be no hesitation in expressing it.

Much of the talk doubtless grows out of conviction, but a good deal of it is induced by those who are personally interested in one or the other side of the question and what they have to say is frequently an expression of desire rather than a statement of fact.

The recent nation-wide poll made by the Literary Digest showed that sentiment regarding prohibition is to quite an extent sectional; so much so that a person could almost predict the results of the vote in any particular region. Unquestionably, people are now much more critical regarding the whole question of temperance than they were in the days of the saloon, and if anyone now sees a drunken man he is much more likely to remember it than formerly. awakening consciousness of the evils of drink is doubtless responsible for the more critical attitude toward any infraction of temper-

In the discussions one hears of the evils growing out of prohibition, the bad conditions in colleges are frequently alluded to. It seems desirable, therefore, to see just what is the situation in colleges compared with what it was in the days of the saloon.

RECENTLY an investigation was made by the Women's

Christian Temperance Union. The presidents of the more important colleges and universities of the country were asked to express themselves through a definite questionnaire. In this investigation 257 replies were received from presidents. Of these, 44 answered that there is now practically no drinking among their students; 146 replied that while there is some drinking the amount is very much less than before prohibition; 47 said that drinking now and always has been almost unknown among the students; eight replied that there is about the same amount of drinking now as before the 18th amendment; seven said that conditions are now bad without comparing them with the preprohibition conditions; and only three out of the number believed that conditions are worse now than before prohibition.

These answers came from forty-five states and can therefore be considered as representative of the entire country. They seem to me to be very significant, since no one is able to judge the situation in colleges better than their chief executives. Infringements are so easily discovered and the disciplinary measures of institutions are so well cared for that there is very little guessing. For this reason these figures should be given much more attention than the casual observation of the man on the street.

IT will probably be interesting to give some of the individual opinions of college and university officials on this question. President Daniel L. Marsh of Boston University says, "All one needs in order to become enthusiastic for prohibition is to have a memory of what conditions were in the old days and contrast those conditions with conditions as they are

today. As President of Boston University, where we have four-teen thousand students enrolled, I can hardly think of any greater disservice to the rising generation than to scrap prohibition."

The President's office of the State University of Iowa, Iowa City, reports, "A changed mental attitude which has brought university students to the realization that 'gentlemen don't get drunk' is the outstanding effect of prohibition noted on the University of Iowa campus by Robert E. Reinow, dean of men for the last fifteen years. \* \* \* Dean Reinow \* \* \* recalls the period before the saloons were outlawed when it was considered a collegiate accoutrement to be able to drink large quantities of liquor. \* \* \* Now, despite some bootlegging, the problem of drinking is almost solved on the University of Iowa campus, Dean Reinow believes.'

THE opinion of Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University is: "The amount and evils of drinking among college students have been enormously exaggerated in the press and the magazine literature of the country. There is certainly nothing like as much alcoholic liquor consumed by college students today as there was in Drinking pre-prohibition days. and drunkenness, which were taken as a matter of course before the Eighteenth Amendment was passed, now are noted by everybody and are played up in huge headlines in the newspapers. \* \* I am convinced that a large majority of the students in our colleges and universities accept the amendment and the Volstead Act just as they accept other constitutional provisions and legal enactments curtailing the 'freedom of action of the individual' and thereby make possible the existence of liberty."

Ray Lyman Wilbur, former President of Stanford University and now Secretary of the Interior in President Hoover's cabinet, says: There is no doubt that there has been a marked decrease in the use of alcoholic beverages among the college students with whom I come in contact. Compared with the period before the present laws were put into effect, I should say that we have only one-tenth of the problem we had at that time in connection with liquor. There are always a few students who drink. and because of their limited number they are more obvious than formerly."

PRESIDENT WALTER DILL SCOTT of Northwestern University says: "So far as I have been able to observe, the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act have improved conditions in the colleges and universities of America. The liquor consumption, whatever it is, is likely to be more conspicuous and receive more attention. It seems to be quite the fashion to start rumors concerning the excessive manufacture and consumption of intoxicating liquors. When such rumors are investigated they are usually found to be wholly false or greatly exaggerated."

The belief of President Arlo A. Brown of the University of Chattanooga, Tennessee, is that "the conditions with reference to drinking among college students are better than they were in the preprohibition times. If the movement to establish a dispensary system somewhat similar to that' in Ontario, Canada, should succeed, I feel very certain that such a plan would increase the amount of drinking among students. \* \* \* So far as the college world is concerned, I believe that the Eighteenth Amendment is a distinct benefit.

IN the judgment of President A. N. Ward, Western Maryland College, "conditions among college students at the present time as compared with pre-prohibition times are incomparably better. The change over the past is amazing. Of course, colleges have some difficulties, but they are nothing compared with former conditions. To

go back to the saloon or modification of the present system looking toward liberalizing the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead act is unthinkable."

President W. J. McGlothlin, Furman University, Greenvilla, South Carolina, says: "Drinking has greatly declined in recent years and has practically disappeared in this institution. The sobriety of our students is largely due to conditions mentioned above and our prohibition laws. I am unequivocally and unalterably in favor of prohibition."

The statement of President Boothe G. Davis of Alfred University, New York, is that "so far as Alfred University is concerned, temperance conditions are much better among college students than in pre-prohibition days. \* \* \* Long experience and close observation lead me to believe that no greater peril could come to our college youth, both men and women, than to remove present prohibition safeguards."

Chancellor E. A. Burnett of the University of Nebraska says: "I am personally very much opposed to modification of the present prohibition laws in the direction of laxness of enforcement or allowing an increase in the alcoholic content of beverages. \* \* \* States are too small divisions for the control of the liquor traffic. Under our present system we have



General Superintendent George Albert Smith and Chief Charlie Peterson, at Fort Hall.

much better control than we did in the State of Nebraska when adjoining states were under a license system."

PRESIDENT O. W. CAR-RELL, Nebraska Central College, expresses his position as follows: "The sentiment of our students is decidedly in favor of prohibition and the upholding of the Eighteenth Amendment. is no sentiment here to allow for an increase in the alcoholic content of beverages; to return the control of the traffic to the states; or, to establish the dispensary system, similar to that in effect in Ontario, Canada. I wish to say that the sentiment of our college students is very much stronger in relation to National Prohibition than it was in pre-prohibition days."

President Emeritus William Goodall Frost, Berea College, Kentucky, says: "My knowledge of conditions among college students as regards temperance is less than in former years, but I have some information regarding three or four colleges and two of the great universities. In these places since prohibition some dare-devil drinking in the spirit of the present day 'revolt of youth' is reported, but there is a strong and prevailing prohibition sentiment among the students-we shall see them campaigning for it-and the common estimate is 'there is not a quarter of the drinking that there used to be'.''

PROFESSOR C. C. NORTH of

Ohio State University, in commenting on the attitude of the old graduates, says: "My conviction is very strong that there is very much less drinking by students than there was before 1920. Drunkenness among undergraduates seems to be exceedingly rare at present, but was not at all uncommon in the earlier period. The habits of graduates who developed their drinking habits in the earlier days and who now come back to the college for celebrations is a very bad influence. Most of the undergraduates resent this attitude and yet are powerless to do very much about it."

Professor M. L. Fisher, dean of men at Purdue University describes the conditions inside and surrounding the college as follows: "Previous to prohibition we had over one hundred open saloons in Lavfayette to which our students had free and easy access. Those pessimistically inclined say that today there are far more places at which liquor may be obtained. may be true. However, I do not think that our students are going to those places nor do they have the ready access that they once had. The odor of liquor in the city as well as on the breath of individuals is not at all as apparent as it once was. We have the feeling, as a faculty, that the conditions are better than they ever were. We feel that our student body is for the most part law-abiding and dry. Certainly our social functions have less noticeable drinking than ever before."

Statements from men who were either professors or students themselves previous to prohibition and are yet in college in the eastern universities and colleges, are not generally different from those coming from central institutions of similar standing.

Professor Charles C. Clark of Yale University made this statement: "I am not a prohibitionist, and have never been. I will admit to you, however, that the effect of prohibition at Yale University has been good. I know whereof I speak, for I have been a member of the Committee on Discipline from a time dating back many years before prohibition. I know conditions intimately. I do not pretend that the students are prohibitionists or are not drinking, but the change has been simply revolutionary. In the old days our Committee was constantly busy with cases involving intoxication and the disorders originating from it. Now we have practically no business of the kind at all to transact. Moreover, this is in spite of the fact that in the old days we rarely troubled ourselves about a case of mere intoxication if it had not resulted in some kind of public disorder, whereas now intoxication of itself is regarded as calling for severest penalty.'

DEAN H. E. STONE of the West Virginia University says, "During the eight years that I have been Dean of Men of West Virginia University, I have attended more than 300 dances. There has been a steady decline in the

number of students who drink at these affairs."

Another noteworthy opinion is that of Fielding H. Yost, Director of Athletics at the University of Michigan. He says: "In my judgment the college youth of America as a whole are not drinking as much as they did in pre-prohibition days. No one is entirely satisfied with present conditions. Our government tried to control and regulate the legal sale of intoxicating liquors for a hundred years and made a miserable failure of it. Everyone states they are opposed to the return of the saloon. However, any legalized place to sell liquor will serve the same purpose as a saloon, a place to buy intoxicating liquors. It is unfortunate that certain people of standing, by example, furnish a leadership to youth in law violations.'

Henry F. Schulte, veteran track and football coach, finds prohibition a decided benefit to university men and women. "A cleaner and cleaner living lot," is his comment, and he reports drinking less common now than before prohibition.

L. E. Edmonds, sports editor of the Topeka Daily Capital and a noted football and basketball referee of the Missouri Valley, says: "During the school year my travels take me to every major college or university in the Missouri Valley, to most of the minor ones as well. I have been trained as a reporter, so I think I can find facts. I have,



Trails Marker at Henefer, unveiled July 16, 1932

if I may say so, the confidence of most of the college men of my acquaintance. I have ample opportunity for observation. With that preliminary let me say that in my opinion there is nothing like the drinking in our colleges of the Middle West that there was five years ago."

OACH ALONZO STAGG, of the University of Chicago, says: "For over 38 years I have been connected with the University ot Chicago, and I have happened to live near one of the main thoroughfares. Before prohibition, drunken men were quite common on the street; now they are only occasional. I am stating casual observations. More than half of the families in our block are in quite modest circumstances. They are putting up a good battle to make ends meet and are succeeding reasonably well. I see their children every day and know a lot of them. The children are going to school and getting a reasonably rair start in life and getting it without being subjected to the deprivations and handicaps which most of my playmates suffered because of drunken fathers."

The well known opposition of President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, to prohibition has caused considerable comment. He has a few sympathizers among college executives, but the overwhelming majority are in line with the sentiments given above.

An interesting comment on the prohibition question is made by Dr. E. A. Ross, well-known sociologist of the University of Wisconsin, who has extensively traveled in the orient and noted the effect of drugs, particularly opium, on the Chinese. He comments as follows:

"China's experience with the juice of the poppy converted me to prohibition.

"The 'dry' movement in this country was by no means a fanatical outburst against a vice already beaten to its knees by half a century of temperance agitation. What happened among us was that a part of American society turned away from liquor while the rest became wetter and wetter. The army of drinkers which survived the temperance simoon of the forties and fifties of the last century had been reinforced by millions of immigrants—Irish and (Continued on page 696)

# Greatness in Men

Backed by a splendid ancestry and an intellectual wife, Dr. Lyman has scaled the heights in his profession and at the same time has rendered unusual service to his Church.



# RICHARD R. LYMAN

## By BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

(Photographs by courtesy of Wilcox Studio)

SIXTY-TWO years ago November next in a neat, story and a half log house in Fillmore, the first capital of the State of Utah, was born a man who has

played a noble part in the affairs of this people. This city of less than twelve hundred inhabitants has given to the world its full share of genius and greatness, and on the roll of its nobility will shine the name of Richard Roswell Lyman. This city was the home of his no less illustrious father and grandfather.

It is interesting to meditate on the fact that there are in the United States today twelve boys who in the common course of events will some day become presidents of this great republic, and no living soul can name one of them. The hand of providence has these · prospective presidents in training and, in the strange mutation of events, it will lead them to their great responsibility. It would be interesting to contemplate the source from which these leaders have come and

events that seem to shape their destiny. We are forced to the conclusion that, in a large sense, the destiny of men and nations rests in the hands of a beneficent creator. There may be a destiny "rough hewn though it be" that shapes our ends; but nowhere in the program of man's development is there anything that would belittle human endeavor or in any way dis-

count the significance of individual struggle. Hard work brings boys to the front.

more, the first capital of the State of Utah, was born a man who has capped with impaired vision. It is



Richard R. Lyman

said that as a boy he seldom or never smiled and just how the exuberance of his great soul manifested itself in his childhood we do not know; but it finds expression in his mature years in a most congenial, wholehearted and radiant attitude toward life and toward mankind.

Francis M. Lyman, his father,

and Amasa M. Lyman, his grandfather, were men of large caliber, distinct individualism and of pronounced leadership. They were men of learning and of native re-

finement although they did a great deal of pioneering.

This excerpt from an address by Dr. Lyman explains some of the things they did:

things they did:
"A detachment of the Utah Pioneers who had settled in Salt Lake Valley were called by President Brigham Young for the service and left their homes here in March, 1851. They were three months reaching Sycamore grove, where they camped for three months while Elder Amasa Lyman and Elder Charles C. Rich were completing negotiations for the purchase of Rancho San Bernardino. The area covering 35,000 acres was finally purchased for \$77,500.

As soon as the negotiations were completed the pioneers moved on to the ranch and founded the city of San Bernardino. The survey was

completed under direction of H. G. Sherwood and the city was laid out with 72 rectangular blocks. Homes were constructed and the emigrants found their first real shelter from the weather, since leaving Salt Lake. The 500 had been living in the open for eight months.

Land that was purchased for slightly more than \$2.00 per acre in 1851 is today valued as high as \$2,500,000 per block in the heart of the city. It is interesting to note that the new \$600,000 Courthouse stands on the spot where the old home of Amasa M. Lyman was built in the stockade of the early days.

On the 25th day of June this year Richard R. Lyman, grandson of Amasa M. Lyman, and Miss

Gladys Rich, daughter of Amasa Rich Lyman and granddaughter of Charles C. Rich, were guests at the unveiling of a monument in honor of Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich, by the San Bernardino Branch of the California Daughters of the Golden West.

Francis M. Lyman is known in the history of San Bernardino as a freighter of early days. He made eight round trips with mule team between Salt Lake and that city before 1857.

A picture representing three generations of the Lyman family, Amasa M., Francis M. and Richard R., is given a place of h o n or in the Pioneer lodge in San Bernardino. This is to commemorate the service of this family as pioneers and pathfinders.

The records indicate that Dr. Lyman's grand-father, Amasa M. Ly-

man, was ordained an Apostle in 1842 and died in 1877. father, Francis M. Lyman, was ordained an apostle in 1880 and died in 1916. He was a member of that quorum for 36 years and for part of this time was president of the quorum. Few if any men have served this Church with greater diligence and more enlightened devotion than he did. Two years after Francis M. Lyman's death, Dr. Richard R. Lyman was made a member of that council and has already served in that capacity for fourteen years. Three generations of this family have been members of that quorum.

His forebears on his mother's side were likewise leaders and pioneers of heroic mold, so that Richard R. Lyman comes from strong lines on both sides. His ancestors were prominent among the early pioneers and patriots of America.

From his childhood Dr. Lyman has been methodical and painstaking in everything he did. If it were taking care of a barn he kept it in order with every tool in its place, if it were caring for a garden it was hoed with regularity and well hoed, and these characteristics have been manifest in all that he has done.



Amy Brown Lyman

Richard R. Lyman is preeminently a college man. He has spent the greater part of his days in constant contact with men of learning and of intellectual superiority. He is trained and traditioned in college methods and college ideals. In all his work in education there have been no short cuts, no skimming, it has been well and thoroughly done. He is one of the best and most carefully trained men in this community. His measure of values is largely determined by college standards.

HE attended school in Fillmore and when eight years of age moved with his parents to Tooele where he attended William Foster's school which was held in a little adobe house where slabs were used for benches. In his twelfth year he entered the Brigham Young Academy at Provo; he subsequently attended the Brigham Young College in Logan, but returned to the Academy and was graduated from that institution with the class of '91. In the Fall of this year he entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, from which he was graduated with the class of 1895.

with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering. During his sophomore year he was President of his class and likewise during his senior year. It is a distinct honor to be president of one's class and it is an unusual and almost unheard of honor to be twice president.

On returning to Utah in 1895 he taught in the Brigham Young University for one year and in the Fall of 1896 he was made professor of Civil Engineering in the University of Utah, and he continued in charge of that Department until 1918. Under leave of absence he did three years graduate work at the University of Chicago and Cornell University. In the latter University he had conferred upon him unusual honors, receiving a scholarship and a fellowship in the college

of Civil Engineering. He was also elected by the faculty to membership in the honorary scientific fraternity Sigma XI. From Cornell he was graduated with the degree of Master of Civil Engineering on June 18, 1903, and on June 22, 1905 had conferred upon him the degree, Doctor of Philosophy, His seven years of patient and painstaking university work is a good example of that characteristic spoken of in the New Testament as "patient continuance," without which nothing really worth while can be accomplished, for this world is built on patient lines. He borrowed \$2,500.00 to take him through the University of Michigan, all of which was paid back with interest at 10%. Thus while he was going to school he was forced to learn the lessons of thrift and economy, which he has never failed to practice and which have







His Grandfather Amasa M. Lyman

Richard R. Lyman At 4 years of age

His Father Francis M. Lyman

brought to him financial independence.

While studying in the University he contributed articles to newspapers and magazines. A number of articles on the University of Michigan appeared in the Juvenile Instructor. In addition to writing a good many articles of a nontechnical character, he has written scientific articles for the "Engineering News," and for the "Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers." For the University of Utah Experiment Station, he has prepared a bulletin entitled, "The Construction and Maintenance of Earth Roads," and another on the "Measurement of Flowing Streams." For his article entitled "Measurement of the Flow of Streams by Approved Forms of Weirs with New Formulas and Diagrams," which was published in the "Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers," he was awarded the J. James R. Croe's gold medal, for the year 1915, which was awarded by the American Society of Civil Engineers. This prize is awarded only for a paper which is "Judged worthy of the award of this prize for its merit as a contribution to engineering science." The publication of this paper and the award of this prize brought Dr. Lyman into national prominence in the field of Hydraulic Engineering. As a result of this work and his prominence he was asked if he would accept the chair of Civil

Engineering in the Pennsylvania State College.

His addresses and other publications on patriotic, moral and religious topics constitute by far the



His Mother Clara Callister Lyman

greatest part of his literary contributions.

A SIDE from teaching he has served the state in many important positions. From 1909 to 1918 he was vice-chairman of the Utah State Road Commission. Under his direction the first modern concrete road in 'Utah was constructed, and he has effectively advocated and promoted the construction of these roads.

Since its organization in 1922 Dr. Lyman has been a member and vice-chairman of the Utah Water Storage committee and has been very instrumental in securing a close and cooperative agreement between the State of Utah and the United States Reclamation Bureau. It has been said repeatedly that Utah has a more harmonious and satisfactory cooperative working agreement with the U. S. Reclamation Bureau than any other state in the Union, and no small part of this is due to the efforts of Dr.

Outside of his own state his ability has been recognized and he has served with some of the most distinguished engineers of America. For example: He was a member of the Engineering Board of Review for the Sanitary District of Chicago. This district included the city of Chicago and some fifty other municipalities. This board was composed of twenty-eight engineers, all men of national recognition and demonstrated ability. This is said to be the largest board of engineers ever organized for any purpose.

Dr. Lyman was appointed one of a Board of five engineers for investigating the great Columbia Basin Reclamation Project, "the largest reclamation project," Dr. Elwood Mead has said, "with which the United States will ever deal."

But perhaps the greatest recognition as an engineer which has yet come to Dr. Lyman is his selection

as one of a board of three consulting engineers for the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California. This board assisted in selecting one of forty-six proposed

routes for the aqueduct which is to carry water from the Colorado River to Southern California. In 1931 this board was increased to five members and as one of these five consultants Dr. Lvman has been appointed to serve during the construction of the aqueduct. It is estimated that it will require seven years to complete this project and a bond issue of two hundred and twenty million dollars has been authorized to pay the cost of its construction. His selection for a place on this board is indeed a great and distinct honor and the highest confirmation of his training and ability. In addition to his engineering work which has extended in many directions he has been very active in business enterprises. He has been president of the Lyman-Callister Company, the Burtner Real Estate and Company.

Investment Company,
The Ensign Amusement Company
and the Giant Racer Company.
He was one of the original directors and vice-president of the Intermountain Life Insurance Company
during the whole of its history,
and is now serving as a director of
the California Western States Life
Insurance Company, He is a director of the Pleasant Green Water
Company, the Heber J. Grant
Company and South Western Fire
Insurance Company,

DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN has achieved success as an educator, an engineer, a business man and a Church man; but there is no place where he is seen to better advantage than in his home. Though he has achieved splendidly in many fields his noblest achievement was winning and wedding the delightful little woman who has walked by his side for thirty-six years and who has been the pride and inspiration of his life. On

September 9, 1896, he married Amy Brown of Pleasant Grove. This was a day of major significance to him. In a consideration of the factors of his success the part



Sitting, left to right: W. P. Whitsett, Chairman Board of Directors Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, Thaddeus Merriman, Chief Engineer Water Works System, City of New York.

Standing, left to right: Frank E. Weymouth, Chief Engineer Metropolitan Water District, Dr. Richard R. Lyman, one of three Consulting Engineers for the District, A. J. Wiley, Consulting Engineer for the District.



As president, class of 1895, University of Michigan. (This was the first year caps and gowns were worn at that university.)

that she has played must be given an important place and nothing would please him more than to give her this recognition, so we include a tribute to Mrs. Lyman by her life long friend, classmate and companion, Alice Reynolds, who is a gifted writer and an educator of recognized ability. From their girlhood there has existed be-

tween these brilliant women a constant and be a utiful friendship built upon an intellectual affinity and kinship which has resulted in an understanding and an appreciation that could come from no other source. Miss Reynolds says:

"Amy Brown Lyman, wife of Dr. Richard R. Lyman, was unusual as a girl and is unusual as a woman. The beauty of her hair and the exceptional lovliness of her brown eyes, typified the unusualness of her intellectual and spiritual qualities. Her charm as a girl made her attractive in all circles. She was the most popular young person I have ever known. Back of all her joyousness in life and its unfolding was the character developed in her pioneer home. Industry has always been of the air she breathes. Whatever she did she sought to do well, she succeeded.

"Her inheritance is rich. From her forebears on her mother's side comes a thirst for knowledge and disposition to be exact. From her father comes much of her emotional power and winsomeness.

"The blending of these strains has produced a woman of unusual balance. To me there is nothing about her more truly admirable than her balance. As a girl her beauty and animation played over her keen mind to the delight of all who knew her; in maturity her strength of mind is tempered by her kind heart and winsome smile, eliciting from those who know her, words of high praise coupled with profound admiration. In her, intellect, emotion, and spirituality are so finely blended that she is a challenge to womanhood everywhere.

"The gifted teacher of premarriage days stands high in her profession as a social worker in both the state and nation. She gave evidence of nothing short of remarkable talent in the long period in which she served the Woman's National Relief Society, as its secretary, and this talent is apparent in all of her work, whether given to the organizations of her church, or the National Council of Women. woman of fine judgment, both Republican and Democratic Governors have been pleased to place her frequently on important committees.

"Her writings are full of substance and are concise. Her addresses never fail to hold the interest of her audiences. A few years ago she delivered the Founder's Day address at the Brig-Young ham University, and the most able men

slight retouching it could be submitted for a master's thesis.

'She is a modern woman, a statement which implies that she

believes in developing all of her powers and placing them where they can best serve her modern world. stands at the side of her husband in all his endeavors. Side by side their names are written in "Who's Who." Side by side they serve; he on important engineering commissions and she on important welfare committees.

'I have stated that industry is part and parcel of her nature; yet the thing most offensive to her, I believe, would be to be unprogressive. Much of her industry is effort to keep abreast of the times where she has deep-seated and particular interests. No matter where or when she functions she gives the im-



Sitting, left to right: Margaret Lyman Schreiner, daughter, Richard R. Lyman, Amy Brown Lyman, Amy Kathryn Lyman, granddaughter. Standing, left to right: Alexander Schreiner, Richard Lyman Schreiner, grandson, Wendell Brown Lyman, son.

of the faculty remarked that with pression of being rare and unusnal.

Brother and Sister Lyman have two children-Wendell Brown Lyman, born in Salt Lake City, December 18, 1897, and Margaret Lyman Schreiner, born in Ithica, New York, September 15, 1903. Wendell married Rachel Balliff of Salt Lake City; Margaret married Alexander Schreiner, the famous young or-ganist.

FOR more than twenty years Dr. Lyman taught in the State University. Teaching has been a profession and a hobby with him. He is enthusiastic and positive in his manner of presentation and is, in all respects, a popular and successful teacher and is never happier. than when helping one to do things in a new and better way. Any great moral issue will receive his active and enthusiastic support. He is a man of hobbies. Pro-

hibition, law enforcement, non-use of tobacco, the numbering of houses in cities so that a traveler can find any address without a map or other as- (Continued on page 677)



Miss Gladys Rich, daughter of Amasa Lyman Rich, former president Bear Lake Stake and granddaughter of Charles C. Rich, Richard R.

grandson of Amasa M. Lyman. Bronze tablet and monu-ment dedicated June 25, 1932 in honor of Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich, who with a hundred Mormon families laid out the city and county of San Bernardino in 1851. The monument is located on the Court House Square in San Bernardino the same area occupied by the stockade which was constructed for protecting these early Mormon settlers from the Indians. Richard R. Lyman and Gladys Rich were guests of honor at the unveiling and the address of the occasion was delivered by Richard R. Lyman. The monu-ment was erected by the Chapter of the Daughters of the Golden West of California which has its headquarters in San Bernardino.

# Dr. George H. Brimhall Passes On

HOUSANDS of Latter-day Saints, especially those of the Mutual Improvement Association, students of Brigham Young University, and thousands of educators and teachers of the inter-mountain West who have come to know his personality and power will mourn the passing of Dr. George H. Brimhall, president emeritus of Brigham Young University.

Dr. Brimhall served for years as president of the institution which he loved with all his heart because

he has seen it grow from its inception when as a boy he became one of the twenty-nine who made up its first studentbody to the present time. He has also been a member of the General Board of the Improve-Mutual ment Association almost from the beginning, a position which he filled with distinction.

The great teacher, the great speaker, the loyal citizen, passed away at his home in Provo on Friday, July 29, 1932, after an illness which had lasted for several months and which had sapped the vitality from his mind and body. Glowing tributes to his life's work were paid him at a splendid funeral service which was held in the Utah Stake Tabernacle at which four of the apostles and a large percentage of the General Boards of the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations were in attendance.

The speakers, all of whom eulogized the departed, were Owen Smoot, William H. Boyle, Franklin Stewart Harris, Thomas N. Taylor, and Elder George Albert Smith. Elder Melvin J. Ballard offered the invocation and Elder Richard R. Lyman the benediction.

The eulogy by William H. Boyle, a close friend and confidant of President Brimhall, is given here in full

Dr. George H. Brimhall—

By Professor Wm. H. Boyle

A NYONE who does anything at this service is honored. No matter how many songs are sung, how many flowers are brought, how many sermons are preached, only a thousandth part of what is deserved to be done is done. What I say will be very personal, I want it to be.

He was my comrade, my truest

friend. I knew his heart, I have been in his home, I have seen him in his office doing, with ease, big things! I have seen him under stress and strain, acquit himself with honor. Under pressure he could think best! He was never stampeded.

I have sat alone with him by the camp fire in the mountains until the embers died, and the morning hours came. I have discussed with him in our homes, or as we have ridden together, hours upon hours, the serious problems of life. So Î know him. could tell him the truth, I was not afraid. He understood; we understood. I know he was a great soul. He was no ordinary man. He was the most unique individual I have ever known

Once when I was ill I received these stanzas in lieu of a letter, which is a re-(Cont. on page 670)



Dr. George H. Brimhall, President Emeritus of the Brigham Young University, receiving from his grand-daughter, Rachel Holbrook, a basket of flowers on his 73rd Birthday. The flowers came from the students of the institution over which Dr. Brimhall presided many years. Miss Holbrook was secretary of the student body.

# The Purple Pitcher



a yellow sport page, and a few symbols called letters of the alphabet scattered around promiscuous like so as to make a baseball yarn can do more damage to a baseball team than an epidemic. Anyway, the Pinedale Gazette just about broke up one of the sweetest baseball outfits that ever got together on the sunset side of the Wasatch Mountains.

We were sailing along well up toward the head of the percentage

column and crawling a little closer every game when our machine jammed and we began to skid. I know old coach Bob Torrey lost weight during those skidding days, but he seemed helpless.

OLD Bob had one big

he used to say whenever some bird tried to become the whole show. "A man may be deadly with the stick, faster than greased lightning on the paths, and safer than the bank of England on a base or in the field, but he's no good for my team if he can't be just a cog in a nine man team."

That doctrine of old Bob's was what made the Jays mighty hard to crack. All of us liked Torrey, and we did our best to play his kind of game; but we picked up a new player and that's where the trouble started. We had been winning our share, but after Gordon Beckwith joined the team, we just couldn't be stopped, that is, until the Gazette got in its work.

I was playing first base and was trying to keep the old sack well covered at all times. That kept me busy, but not too busy to see the Jays begin to go into a tailspin that looked mighty fatal.

Now, Gordon Beckwith was one of these baseball geniuses, and is yet, for that matter. He is still swatting the old horsehide in one of the big leagues and is drawing down a fat salary.

There are baseball geniuses, you know, just as there are freak piano players and Thomas A. Edisons. Such kids as Beckwith just seem to be born with all of the traditions and most of the technique rolled up in 'em somewhere.

When he came around and asked

old Bob for a position on the team, the old coach looked him over a minute and said:

"You look fit enough, kid. Where do you play?"

Beckwith's white teeth gleamed in a smile.

"Almost anywhere," he said; "from bat boy to right field."

NOW old Bob Torrey's a funny sort of bird, when it comes to boys of good baseball age. He has a soft spot somewhere for them. In fact that's why he was coach of the Jays. He had an idea that team work—Boy Scouting, lumber jackin', or baseball—was pretty good Gospel. He used to say:

"Get a fellow in a team and likin' it, and he'll go where the team goes—to heaven or to Chicago."

I knew as soon as that grin scattered sunshine over Gordy Beckwith's tanned face, that the kid had a job. Beckwith was assigned to right field, sure enough, and that's when the Jays started on a winning streak that seemed certain to last right up to the pennant. That kid could do anything. He was Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb rolled into one. He could whale 'em as hard as Ruth ever could and he could run and steal bases and excite the opposing pitcher just like Ty Cobb.

In the first three games he batted up around a thousand percent and fielded like a fool. He caught flies that barely got beyond second or first and those that seemed certain to be home runs out against the fence. He had baseball instinct, that bird had.

Then one day Shorty Ott sprained an ankle. The Jays were down-hearted. Shorty was a short stop whose reputation was known around our circuit and beyond our league.

Old Bob was puzzled. He had some utility men, but he just couldn't see any of the m in Shorty's berth. We were up against



the league leaders in our next battle and things looked rosy-I guess

"Bish, whose goin' to take Shorty's place?" he asked one day as he and Jack Despain, our second baseman, and I were sipping a "baseball special" at the corner

drug store. "Why not give this Beckwith kid a try?" I says. "He thinks he can play any position on the

"He sure does." Despain growled, his black brows drawn together until his forehead looked like the front end of a tornado.

But old Bob wasn't looking at

"Why not?" says he, "he's the very bird I'll try. I can slip Jimmy Mac into right field.'

WENT away from that conference much puzzled about Despain. That frown meant a storm somewhere. Jack had been the toughest guy on the team when old Coach Bob picked him off the streets. His name had been on the police blotter more than once. He smoked and chewed and swore like an army Captain. But he loved baseball and he soon learned to love the Jays as a team. In fact, he was such a worker that he won the unanimous vote of the Coach and players for the position of Captain.

Jack straightened up surprisingly quick. But there were times when gangland habits of temper came back upon him. They sometimes lasted a day or two, but they nearly always blew over and then old Jack was one of the best fellows in the world-generous to friend and foe, square as a quarter section, and as work-brittle as a

I pondered the meaning of that scowl all that night and the next day when we worked out for the last time before the game.

'We're goin' to have a weak spot over there on the north side of the infield," Despain said to me as we passed out to our places for the first inning. "You'll have to be on your toes, Bish, old man."

And then the game got under

It seemed that the Wolverenes knew Shorty was gone. They laid down a barrage over short that looked well planned and superbly executed. They had Beckwith running deep into left field for flies that ought to have been hits, and gophering for liners that screeched along like shrapnel, but he got them—got them all! His throws to first came like bullets, but they were placed so well that a blind man could a caught 'em.

I thought at first he was having beginner's luck, but as one inning followed another I began to discover that that kid Beckwith was a big-timer at short.

I noticed that Jack Despain didn't like the game the kid played

at all.

BECKWITH had been receiving some good sendoffs in the press, but the next morning after that game, he was the whole paper. Some cub reporter had found something to rave about and he raved. Reading the yellow sheet, you'd a thought that Gordon Beckwith was all of the team except the pitcher and catcher. The report didn't even mention me, and I assisted in seventeen putouts, but I must admit that Gordon Beckwith was acting on the other end of fourteen of them.

Two games later, our pitchers were batted all over the lot by everybody who got hold of a stick. Old Bob shoved Beckwith in to pitch. That was the last straw. To our surprise we found that he had a whole bag full of tricks, curves that looked like corkscrews, and control that gave him full mastery of the situation. He did not win the game, but he didn't



Serf-Board Riding, Utah Lake.

allow a hit after he took to the mound. The only reason he didn't win was because the rest of us couldn't lay the wood on the offerings of Lefty MacGuire, who happened to be opposing us that day. Old Bob Torrey was the hap-

piest man in the mountains when we left the field that night. His pitching staff had been faltering and now it looked as if he had found a Walter Johnson right at

his elbow.

You should have seen the Gazette the morning after that game! The picture of Gordon Beckwith took up the whole first page of the sport section. The camera man had caught him in the act of hurling the ball. That sunshine smile of his was on his face and his six feet two inches of spring-steel seemed to be all wound up in that throw. It was a great picture. The rest of the Jays might have been mere blue jays of the woods so far as the paper was "Gordon Beckwith concerned. the unknown lad from nowhere," had come in and had taken all the available space the Gazette could spare to baseball.

AFTER that, Beckwith was a regular member of the pitching staff. He pitched superbly, fielded perfectly and was batting close to the five hundred mark. The Pinedale Jays were within two games of the lead when the team cracked.

I couldn't tell at first what was wrong. We lost a game with one of the other men pitching and then we lost one with Gordy up. The snap that once made high flies easy outs seemed to be gone. Scratch hits became more common, despite

all we could do.

A worried look had replaced the broad grins on Coach Bob's face.

"What's happened to us?" I asked one day as we talked over an orangeade.

"Team work," he answered. "We're not clicking; gears are out of mesh.'

The next day we met the Wolverenes, who had clung desperately to the lead. Gordy Beckwith was slated to pitch. The yellow sheet came out with a cartoon showing Gordy Beckwith driving a pack of Wolverenes before him.

I took a paper into the park with me and showed it to Coach Bob. His face went scarlet. He seized

(Continued on page 698)

# CIVILIZATION AND THE

# New Testament

By ELMER G. PETERSON, Ph. D.

President of the Utah State Agricultural College

This is the concluding installment of the article which began in the August number. "The vicissitudes of our day, if our normal thinking does not do it, will drive us to a re-reading of the four Gospels as the most important record in existence," President Peterson declares in conclusion, and follows that statement with one which will lead the reader, if he is philosophically inclined, in to new and intriguing fields of speculation.

### PART II

T is probably unnecessary to say that religion is not being mentioned in this discussion

in any sectarian sense. I am speaking of the common in-heritances of our race, the es-sential spiritual facts, which we have in our history, when our present civilization was in the making, accepted as facts, and the moral attitudes which have in one way or another resulted from our spiritual beliefs. There is no disposition on the part of so-called Christian peoples to minimize the strength and virtue of other people. Virtue is widely dis-tributed in humanity. The leaders of poor India and China, many of them, have achieved and some are now achieving distinction if not immortality by the very virtue of their lives and the doctrine they are advocating. I am speaking here of great facts of biological heredity itself and equally potent inheritances of ideals. I am speaking of a formula of civilization. I am thinking of the curse of caste in India as withering in its effect on the progress of individuals as the inheritance of

a withered body or a diseased brain. Dozens of similar cancer-ous beliefs such as the attitude toward marriage including child marriage, the social attitude toward women, superstitions regarding animals, including transmigration,

the fanatical attitude toward other religions, the belief that life is essentially a curse and the consequent disregard for human life, some beliefs even welcoming its extinction



President Peterson and U. S. A. C.

with the loss of individuality in a universal substance or force, the belief in the dishonor of manual labor, the belief in the righteousness of certain forms of torture visited upon yourself or your enemy, ancestor worship,—these and numerous other kinds of thinking have eaten the vitality out of great peo-ple and delayed their social prog-

ress to the point of tragedy it now represents. However liberal we may be in our thinking, the fact must be apparent to any honest observer that the Christian inheritance is of infinite worth as a nucleus of thought which is indeed the very life of our thought.

There are those who believe that the achievements of north Europe and America are the result of adherence not to es-sential Christian doctrine but to doctrine in sharp opposition to that which Christ taught. A prominent and commercially successful friend of mine in a large city told me recently, and any number undoubtedly so believe, that Christ's doctrine meant nothing to him or to his city, and that the big city was succeeding as it apparently was because of its more or less deliberate disavowal of this doctrine. It was not the meek, he said, but the courageous and the aggressive who were inheriting that part as well as the rest of the earth. His town,

he said, was no place in which to turn the other cheek. The doctrine was not to give to him who asks you for your coat your cloak also; but rather to take from him not only his coat but his cloak also. The doctrine of that city, he

said, as he would of course have said of Chicago, New York, London, Paris, Berlin or any other commercial center, was to hate your enemy, not love him, and be sure to out-hate him and out-wit him.

POSSIBLY without thinking of it, this American business man was saying not only what at least those who agree with him in his own city and all similar cities believe, and they are legion, but what every dead civilization has believed, Egypt, Babylon, Rome or any other that history records. It is what the militaristic portion of great Germany believed, what an influential part of modern Europe in general and America believed. If we want in America the kind of temporary rule that has characterized the nations of history we can secure it by the use of force and deceit and animal selfishness and pay for it in disease and death. An individual can frequently secure by craftiness and trickery temporary economic advantage. Undoubtedly this great city has many thousands among her citizens who are just as vicious as this friend of mine indicated they were. Many of us in geographic Christendom, of course, are unworthy of Christianity.

What we are discussing here, let it be repeated, is not so much personal qualities as social formulae. There are thousands, millions, of personal variations from the Christian ideal. Any observer who has followed a sufficient number of personal histories will note however that these qualities of hate and selfishness often, indeed usually, defeat themselves before our very Great fortunes frequently corrupt families or lower their achievement. The man who takes his brother's cloak also, is himself usually soon bereft of his ill gotten goods. Unwholesomely acquired wealth is an obvious curse more often than the reverse to its possessor. There is growing conviction that the laws of morality operate effectively in economics. But even if we could not find evidence of the operation of moral law in the experiences about us, turn now to this large city which was represented to be in deliberate violation of the doctrine. In the very midst of the seemingly blind scramble for wealth and power, in the presence of what sometimes seems, as we hear it, utterly super-

ficial emotionalism in religion, a form of cant and pretense that desecrates the very Christianity it presumes to represent, in the presence of "go-getters" by the thousands seeking to turn sharp corners, the great cinema, with truly admirable exceptions, portraying infantile drama if not worse, advertising pages and the radio screaming their messages of gain if not of greed and fraud, and the many other evidences in support of what my friend said his city was, we have an interesting contrast. Taken as a whole they have as great a per capita expenditure as exists anywhere on earth, for schools for the children of all the people, a similar record of endowments and public support for science in its search for truth and for libraries, churches conducted in utter sincerity for all the people, improved roads for all the people, institutions of mercy in the form of hospitals for everyone in want, a public health service to protect the lives of all alike, and organizations of high efficiency for the maintenance of law and order. Investigation reveals wages paid for labor comparable to the highest paid anywhere, and in general a deep seated human sympathy and a public sentiment which seeks to strike with effectiveness on all matters of known injustice however critical we may be sometimes of the results. These tremendous achievements, if our premise is correct, are for the purpose of enabling people, individuals, whose welfare is of sacred concern in the operation of the doctrine we are discussing. to grow in intellectual and moral power. That there are cheapening and degrading influences seeking mere profit, that is, profit as an end in itself, out of the great processes of science and economics is as natural as that centrifugal and centripetal forces exist or that good and evil are at hand in almost ev-

> Words By Grace Ingles Frost

S ET in perfect symmetry of structure, Of oriental hues that harmonize, Words are like mosaics, deftly chosen, They form a pattern of exquisite guise.

Words that have grown mellow with the ages,
Are lovely like old lace and tapestry—
Like moonlight shining through cathe-

dral spaces— Like tones of a mellifluent symphony. ery choice we make. There is I believe however a downright glory in the achievement of many of our communities which we often over-look in our worthy desire to correct the admittedly numerous cases of evil and injustice which display themselves.

I WONDER if after all this great modern city we are discussing has not in it many thousands, it must be hundreds of thousands. unknown to the public press who are expressing their moral ideals in the social achievements of the locality. No formula of civilization alone could achieve what some cities have achieved without support on a generous scale from people whose ideals fundamentally are on the same high level. There is enough evil always to express almost any condition we seek to reveal and always will be; what we are dealing with here is the movement of a whole people.

If we are consciously or unconsciously engaged in the task of establishing the Kingdom of God upon earth it is of the utmost importance to know to what extent we are supporting or violating the essential moral and spiritual doctrine which has been the cause of our progress. There are those undoubtedly who dissent from such a statement of the issue of civilization. Let them read again the story of early Christian martyrdom, of Magna Charta, of Luther, of the indomitable will of Scotch Protestantism, of the heroic democracy of Scandinavia, of those saintly priests who carried the cross out into the American wilderness, and earlier of the Pilgrim Fathers; let them read the Declaration of Independence again or the story of any Anglo-Saxon frontier, the story of Lincoln, and the story of the women of Christendom. meaning of our civilization will be as clear to them as historical evidence can make it.

There must be a tremendous reserve of righteousness in Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic peoples themselves, otherwise their altruism would long ago have exhausted itself. But granting this and recognizing the obvious merit which is in Europe and America as compared with people and regions which are still centuries behind us in the administration of justice and in economic and social arrangements for the benefit of all alike, still it must be apparent that there

are signs of grave danger immediately ahead of us. And furthermore, if our presumption is correct, we are the custodians of a priceless heritage of truth which means that correspondingly great results will be expected of us.

ET us not forget that liberty, iustice and equality of opportunity constitute the formal basis of Americanism, as it is the basis of Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic unity. Our initial American declaration stated that "all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' Outside of holy writ there is no statement more charged with significance than this. And it was accepted as fact not as vague theory. If it is true that men are endowed by their Creator with these rights, actually as men are endowed with hands and feet and eyes, then law and economics and social practice must be so arranged that these rights are protected. It accomplishes little to say a thing sanctimoniously and then invalidate it in what we do. There is little difference in its effects upon an individual between political and economic slavery. If a corporation is organized on so evil a basis that it controls the conscience of those it employs, that is the equivalent of slavery. The several million idle and hungry in America today cannot feed upon the Declaration of Independence. Let it be said unqualifiedly that America will never, in the judgment of the vast majority, it is safe to say, of her thinking citizens, adopt the Russian plan of confiscation and lower all to a common and a low level. It is unrighteous to deny a man the fruit of his toil; it is equally unworthy to permit the inferior to share equally with the superior. The word superior is used here as applying to those who through diligence and devotion and sacrifice achieve strength and the word inferior as applying to those who through indolence and indulgence achieve a lesser status. America will never tolerate wealth being distributed on this dead level and there is nothing more absurd than the demand of those who have squandered youth and opportunity demanding that they be raised up to parity with those who have paid the price in toil and suffering for the results they have achieved.

AMERICA grants what we call success only to those who will diligently seek it. She does this through free schools and in numerous other ways, most important of all in the widespread sympathy which greets the citizen climbing up worthily to fame and fortune. And as we discuss these dangerous manifestations of evil in society let us remember what can be proved that America, as representing the civilization we are discussing, is the most successful adventure in human welfare that known history records. But our economics must be rearranged or further developed so that there is more effective distribution of wealth. We adopted some years ago the obvious deceit of installment buying, thus creating a fictitious wealth for millions of citizens who were led to believe that by paying a few dollars down they owned an automobile or a house or furniture. This device many believe has failed. Installment buying probably was a major contribution to the present collapse. In utter selfishness if for no other reason, the great manufacturing, distributing and producing agencies are confronted with the necessity of distributing wealth on some other and more genuine basis. Under the American plan it can come only in the form of high wages for corre-



Laying the first stone of Fort Hall Monument.

sponding work done, high prices for raw products which are the result of human labor and a cooperative, not a socialistic, sharing of the benefits of social wealth. This is now the outstanding American problem if we are to avoid, as I think we will, bureaucratic distribution of wealth on the socialistic basis. A wide diffusion of wealth is necessary both to maintain the present amazing development of factories, railroads, public improvements, schools and professional life which exists in America on a level so high as to cause world amazement, and it is in obeyance of the law of our creation, a part of the development of Christian civilization. Greater and greater rewards must go to the creative organizer, thinker and worker and less to those whose social contribution is small or nega-

OUT of England, surprisingly, comes one of the foremost antagonists of the Christian institution of the family who challenges the validity not only of the family but of chastity itself. Bertrand Russell recommends the abandonment of the old sex restrictions and the substitution of freedom even in the married state on the part of both man and wife to seek experiences when and where they choose. He does say that the family is the ideal relationship but does believe that people should be free to depart from it.

"My advice," says Professor Watson, the American psychologist, "to a woman who wants to stay married, is not to have a child before thirty... and then turn to and have a child if she has to. Fifty years from now men will not marry."

"With what amazement and amusement," writes Cosmo Hamilton the novelist, "our bright young people will shortly look back to that ineffably stupid, shameful and tyrannical institution (marriage) to which their fathers and mothers squirmingly submitted themselves in unenfranchised days."

BERTRAND Russell of course puts his discussion upon a high intellectual plane but one is convinced, as is often the case, that there can be such a thing as intellectual hypertrophy as diseased in

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Interior of a Government Liquor Store in Canada. You buy your permit, you pay your money and take your choice for the variety of wines and liquors is extensive. The government does no advertising but makers and distributors may advertise their products except in a number of the provinces which prohibit liquor advertising.

# anada's Wet Regime By C. FRANK STEELE

We hear a great deal about the Canadian plan from those, frequently, who know little about its workings. In this article C. Frank Steele, an editor of a Canadian daily newspaper, gives you his testimony. Do we want the Canadian system? Read the article and answer.

YOON after the world war Canada abandoned prohibition. During the war the various provinces had enacted strict temperance legislation as an emergency measure. The sale of alcoholic liquors, other than for medicinal and scientific purposes was prohibited except in the province of Quebec where like legislation was delayed until 1919. During the crisis created by the war Canada realized the handicap of liquor and invoked dry laws similar to those of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act in the United States.

Peace brought a change in policy. The dominion like other countries experienced the violent

reactions of the post-war years. There was a revolt against restrictions of all kinds. Restraints broke down. The old idealism was forgotten. Orders-in-council passed by the federal government against the importation and manufacture of alcoholic beverages lapsed, and the gates were thrown open. Wartime prohibition measures were revoked except in the little maritime province of Prince Edward Island which during the whole wet trend stuck resolutely to its traditional adherence to temperance.

IN place of prohibition Canada adopted a policy called government liquor control. Quebec and British Columbia adopted this system in 1921. Manitoba in

1923, Alberta in 1924, Saskatchewan the year following, Ontario and New Brunswick in 1927, and Nova Scotia in 1930. The system varies in minor details but the principle of government control of distribution and sale forms the basis of the legislation in all the provinces. In four provinces, Sas-katchewan, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, liquor stores only are operated with no public places for drinking. British Columbia, Alberta and Manitoba have liquor stores where the hard liquors are sold on permit and in addition hotels that can qualify are licensed to operate beer rooms or beer parlors where beer is sold by the glass to adult customers. The usual price is ten cents a glass.



The French-speaking province of Quebec has introduced an old world touch to their system by licensing "taverns" where both beer and wine may be bought by the glass without permit. Government stores are the only places in Canada where hard liquors are sold.

These acts providing for government control and sale were passed irrespective of the political complexion of the governments in power, the issue being fought out by the prohibition forces on the one hand and advocates of liquor on the other. In some provinces the Wets are represented by Moderation Leagues. In no sense was this question made an issue between the two great political parties. The change was made by mandate of the people given through the ballot.

WHILE the word government "control" is used it is in a sense misleading. The Canadian systems are really government "sales" agencies, for in the very nature of things, the government cannot control liquor before it purchases it, nor after it sells it. The only control the government exercises over the liquor is while it

Waterton Park View, Canada.

rests on the shelves of its government liquor stores which retail the product. The control is gone the moment the sale is made and the purchaser breaks the seal. Then, too often, the liquor "controls" the customer. The provincial governments actually are intermediaries between producers and consumers.

In the matter of beer halls regulations are set forth and a system of inspection maintained, and on the whole these laws are enforced as well as is possible in dealing with such a traffic. Hotels not infrequently lose their licenses through infractions of the government regulations. There is, however. little difference between the old-fashioned saloon and the Canadian "beer parlor." True the old brass rail and long, smelly counter are gone, but the general atmosphere is the same. Customers sit at tables to consume their beer. Many of the new style bars have special compartments for women patrons.

THESE beer halls, of course, are privately owned and operated

for profit. Although alluring claims are made for the "Canada" Plan" as an enricher of the state, it is a fact that only 635 of the 5,287 liquor selling places in Canada are government owned and controlled; 4,652 are wholly private concerns. Importation and manufacture are also left to private enterprise. These various liquorselling agencies took from the people of Canada in the year 1930 the sum of \$193,656,199. This was in only seven of the nine provinces. Someone with a flair for figures has found that if 37 of the '48 states of the United States adopted the Canadian system, the enormous sum of \$2,500,-000,000 would be diverted from the normal channels of trade to liquor, provided of course the same efficiency was maintained.

And yet in the face of such figures there are those who point to government liquor control as practiced in Canada as a means of ending the depression, of building more roads, providing more public buildings, creating more playgrounds and of establishing economic stability generally.

To the American tourist spend-

ing a brief period in Canada the system may look good, look good for his country. But is the Canadian system a success? Or is it

a mirage?

It was Viscount Philip Snowden, that acute student of economics and social problems, who said 'The liquor traffic does not produce wealth. It destroys wealth and manufactures crime, disease, lunacy, poverty and death. If the expenditure upon drink was merely economic waste, it would be appalling, but mere economic waste is by no means the total cost of the liquor traffic." This is a pow-erful indictment of the liquor business and Canadians today are wondering if it is not all too true, if the price for a few millions pouring into their treasury is not too great for the toll rum ruthlessly

There are clear indications that Canadians are not satisfied with things as they are, and modifications at least may be looked for. Alberta, in fact, is almost sure to see a plebiscite on the banishment of the bars or beer halls in 1933. The government in effect is pledged to such a vote. In this connection, H. H. Hull, secretary of the Alberta Prohibition association, told the writer. "In Alberta we have now had close to eight years of a trial of a system which is not government control but sale. There is no control whatever. Every person is permitted to purchase all the liquor his appetite demands and his purse permits at the vendor's store. Then those who wish to drink beer by the glass can get all they want and a good

deal more than they want sometimes in the beer rooms. There is no government control of the sale of beer in hotels. It is simply licensed sale under some small measure of supervision. I claim that the present beer room system is not and will not be much longer a part of the Alberta system. I am convinced that 90 per cent of the drunkenness, crime and debauchery is caused by the sale of beer by the glass."

ADVOCATES of government control said the system would decrease drunkenness, as liquor would be taken in small quantities and that drunkenness would be reduced even though the general consumption did increase. The facts do not bear out this argument. Returns from the Federal Government indicate that there has been a steady increase in convictions for drunkenness for each 10,000 in population. During the wartime prohibition decrees the figures were 25.2, in 1928 they had jumped to 34.7, and many crimes arising from liquor are not counted here as they are cases coming under other sections of the law.

Nor has bootlegging disappeared as was claimed. Convictions for the violations of 1 iq u or laws (bootlegging) in Canada jumped from 8.519 in 1922 to 19.327 in 1929, or an increase of 127 per

There is also the effect on social conditions to be examined. Canada's liquor control system again falls down in this test. There is a deadly parallel shown in the increase of liquor consumption and

\*\* 10.0000

the major offences against women and girls. Ernest Thomas, secretary of the Board of Social Service of the United Church in Canada, has found that "in Ontario the persons sentenced to prison for sexual offenses have increased 76 per cent within the last three years as compared with the last year before the new facilities for the purchase of liquor were provided. The same government also reports a similar increase of 42 per cent in the persons sentenced for assault. The Ontario government likewise furnishes us with an enlightening sidelight in the figures covering industrial accidents. The increase revealing lowered efficiency has been steady with the increase of facilities to obtain liquor:

1926	65,916
1927	
1928	79,398
	87,103

No, the liquor problem has not been solved. The Canadian system of government control is not a solution. The results have been disappointing and the evils far too alarming to leave thoughtful observers silent. Nor do figures reveal the whole picture. The increase of drinking among the youth of the country and among women is a phase of the situation that cannot be reduced to cold calculations. Drinking has been carried now to the homes of the people and habits are there being formed that some day may bring to Canada an unlooked-for harvest. For if we sow to the wind are we not likely to reap the whirlwind?

# A Civilization and the New Testament-

cent.

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its manifestations as atrophy itself. Russell is a mathematician and a physicist of superlative grade; as a moral or spiritual guide he seems untrustworthy. But undoubtedly many of those who are advocating this radical departure are sincere. No one can doubt the utter honesty of Russell. Some of the others may be sensation mongers seeking notoriety. But a good share of them are conscientious. And they are contributors to progress because their choice is that of honesty before what they and most observers know is a major hypocrisy,-the pretension of family integrity and

of personal rectitude when it obviously has ceased to exist to a degree which indicates that humanity to an alarming extent has found such a dedication and a self denial as the family presupposes, indeed makes mandatory, apparently un-desirable or impossible of attainment. As between faithlessness of man and wife to what are represented to be sacred obligations, and honest denial of any such obligations and consequent promiscuity, there can be, if we are willing to face the facts, only one choice,of honesty before hypocrisy. Furthermore there has been built up the tradition of the double standard as between the sexes which is utterly indefensible in Christendom and cannot endure. The extent to which the double standard is accepted in the world, not formally accepted as part of our sociology but condoned in actual practice, is an indication of the fact, menacing as are its implications, that marriage and the home have to just that extent ceased to be sacred. If the family and the home are not what it is pretended they are, if God, whose name is used in the ceremony of marriage, is not in the consciousness of the parties to this great contract, then His name when we use it is taken in vain. It is these and other considerations which have driven honest thinkers to demand that we be at least honest in these tremendous processes that are the very foundation and source of life.

But must we submit to this new doctrine, which would more radically change our civilization than all the other movements of history combined, or is there a way, in honesty, to preserve the family and the home? There is, but it involves a rearrangement of the world's thinking to a degree which probably is not possible of attainment for the time being except by what may turn out to be a small minority.

THERE is a defensible growing conviction that unless the world can accept a definite obligation as real as our signature on a promissory note held by a bank and infinitely more important, of responsibility to God for life and for all its opportunities, there is no reason why we should attempt to sustain such institutions as the family which are in His name or otherwise meaningless. And it must be admitted that, if the world depends for guidance only upon the demonstrable conclusions of science, then the laws of the brute will rule the world. And let it be remembered that history is replete with pitiable records of people magnificent in many cases in their thinking and in their other achievements who are now only history because they did not recognize this responsibility, indeed did not have, what America and Europe have inherited, a knowledge of the nature of Deity. When you come to analyze it carefully. the conclusion is irrefutable that the major tragedies of the world, of nations and of individuals, have been because of this ignorance of this denial; or if we refuse to recognize the cause we must admit that national decay coincides with this ignorance or denial. From the civilizations of the East down to ancient and modern Europe,each one has been corrupted because it succumbed to bestiality, because it sought wealth, indulgence and power, which are attributes of the beast and did not construe life as an opportunity essentially to give rather than receive, to establish self-mastery through denial of appetite and passion, and who did

not know that the greatest glory of life is using it up in dedication to children and home and in the service of mankind through our support of every worthy ideal.

It is interesting to remember that this thinking of people, at least by the influential leaders, from the corrupt courts of ancient Israel and earlier to the philosophers of prewar Germany and England, when it had completely built up a philosophy of materialism, whether that expressed itself in the worship of idols, in worship of wealth and power, in the loosening of sex restraints, in corruption in high places of government or in banditry and general immorality, or in all together, the result has been national decay. These national and social degenerations, one following the other over the centuries, let it be repeated, have all been initiated through or coincident with the abandonment of religion and the substitution for it of what each era has thought were rationalities which were superior to religion. Greece had her cult of beauty and reason, Rome her military power and her practical attitude as distinguished from the philosophical and mystical, modern Europe her high intellectualism based upon the newly discovered idea of evolution, modern America her machines and her economics. Each of these nations, in her turn, has said, "We do not need God; we have at last found a sensible plan of life without this foolish dogma." It remains to be seen whether or not this voice is the dominant one in Europe and modern America. It has it seems, if our analysis is correct, withered the civilization of Will it do the modern Europe. Will it do the same in America? The world today is swept by this unbelief. Christianity, it must be admitted, except as an interesting psychology

## By Study and by Faith

By George H. Brimhall

A SEEKER said to a tiny tree,
"You sprang from the soil below!"
"O, seeker look, look up and see,
Where all the acorns grow!"

The seeker said to a new hatched dove, "You came from the shell down there!" "O, seeker, look aloft—and see My parents cleave the air!"

The seeker said to a thinking youth, "Ascended from the clods!" "O, seeker, pray and find the truth, Descended from the Gods."

and as an aid in the development of our sociology and economics, is not the prevailing part of the thinking of the world today in its centers of so-called learning and power. There are probably many, very many, it may be in the final accounting a decisive number, who deep in their hearts refuse to give up the ancient faith of the race and who know that with all our physics and chemistry and philosophy we yet cannot explain the heavens or the earth.

ONE cannot survey the world today without grave misgivings because of our decadence in matters of the spirit. Equally, however, one cannot read the history of the world without the stimulating and encouraging knowledge that great events are coming to pass that have been in the making from the first. Our generation will make its contribution to progress. It may do it in part through honest denial of rituals and worships which have long since in many places ceased to be sacred and thus we will help to prepare the world for truth and sincerity again. It will do it increasingly through subjugation of the earth to the will of man through the processes of science. Interference with the processes of science is as unholy as desecration of a house of worship for purposes of evil. We will in the future recognize more fully than we do now not only the possibilities of science but also its limitations. We now in the full flush of success due almost exclusively to a technique of measurement tend to exclude from consideration what cannot be measured. It is the way of science. We are today using the technique developed over a half century ago by the creators of modern science with improvements only in detail. There is an infinitude of truth which does not admit of measurement or test in any way by known methods. New technique will be discovered to work in these fields. Sociology for instance today sadly needs a new method of attack upon the great human problems which we are attempting to solve by the methods of biology. The atrocity of war is due undoubtedly in part to our ignorance of the laws which govern human life. We committed similar atrocities ages ago due to our ignorance of the laws of physics when we sacrificed human

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# Heartstrings

HE Stradivarius, gleaming dark red, reposed as a glowing jewel in its richly lined case . . . and of the three persons reveling in the perfection of its workmanship the bright, appreciative eyes of the very young one were perhaps most to be remarked . . . a singular fact, when one considers the maturity and importance of the personages who shared the youth's enthusiasm.

But then, the gray eyes of slim, fair, twelve year old Paul Zarenov were not those of the ordinary

boy so recently "just twelve". The impulsive, fiery Signor Ricolli addressed by the Zarenovs, father and son, as "Maestro" could have told you the gray eyes were those of genius, of a quite out of

the ordinary musical prodigy . . though he would not have told you that just yet.

AH, that was a delicious secret the three of them so jealously guarded!-had guarded for six intensively studious years. Matter of factly, Paul Zarenov had proven himself to be exactly that, a phenomenally gifted performer on the violin and on this, his twelfth birthday, had reached a degree of skill that had demanded an acknowledgment from the Maestro.

The exacting Master, setting every stern tradition to one side, had responded with a gesture of such magnitude as to leave the methodical professor of music, Ivan Zarenov, and his talented

son, marveling.

Signor Ricolli, so often blustering and unreasonably haggling over small matters, now spoke in the calm, low tones of one who might have been merely remarking the weather . . . whereas he was presenting this child with a masterpiece of a violin valued at some fifty thousands of dollars!
"Yours", he was repeating. "It

is yours, my Paul. Remember, then, always, no one but you must play it, while you are living."

John Sherman Walker

Reverently the Italian lifted the instrument from its case and placed it in the boy's finely fashioned hands, together with an exquisitely modeled bow.

FOR the moment, Paul Zarenov, staring down at the violin, indulged in the passionate joy of possession, then critically his gray eyes were those of a connoisseur noting form, arch, age of wood. He adjusted the instrument to playing position and very lightly drew his bow over the strings. The tone . . . that divine mellowness of tone touched a responsive chord in the slight figure as flexible, sensitive fingers caressed velvet wood and delicately attuned strings, and a surging, vibrating force stirred within him.

Quickly the boy stepped to the side of the Maestro who had seated himself at an old fashioned upright ebony piano. An hour they played-two hours, melody after

melody in the sheer joy creating music, with an inspired conception of the old masters they both somehow knew could

be for that impromptu recital only. As the last notes of Handel's "Prayer" softly resounded through the great room of Ivan Zarenov's house, Ricolli, frank tears welling at the corners of his kindly eyes, placed a hand on the slender shoulder of the young player.
"A little time, my young friend,

It was not the aspiring virtuoso standing there in the wings of a domed opera house . . . just a child, very human and very frightand the world shall know of another Strad fiddle . . . and will pay homage to another prince of fiddlers. Eh, friend Ivan? The world! I say it. Now I must go.'

HE silver - haired Maestro, hat in hand paused once more on the threshold of the door, his deep lined forehead boldly outlined in the glare of the summer sun. He spoke first directly to the boy, Paul, as though the confidence did not include the father. Ivan.

You have understood all thoroughly, my Paul? No matter what happens, the violin is for you alone. Keep it carefully, Paul. It is a treasure. It is priceless. The papers of possession have already been drawn up."

Signor Ricolli, as if desirous of re-living the previous tranquil hours, cast a last lingering look about the room then faced into the sunlight.

'Good-bye, my friends."

The Maestro was gone. They were not to see him after that. Within the week had come a fatal stroke that had taken Angelo Ricolli on, no doubt, to celestial studios and new tonal triumphs. For Paul Zarenov, the Maestro's death was a terrifying reality that he found difficult to face . . . alone. For he was so completely alone now. But dimly he remembered a mother who had died when he was several years younger. His father, the blunt professor of music, he had never responded to, with the implicit faith of understanding that had developed between the tempestuous, Iovable Angelo Ricolli and himself.

FOR days the boy brooded over his loss. Why?why, on the very eve of the realization of their mutual plans and dreams should it have been thus? Suddenly Paul Zarenov quailed before a problem that had come to grip his heart with the icy coldness of death itself. Could he. without the sympathetic, sure touch of the Master, to weave with him those intricate scores, play to the vast hypercritical audiences he had so often been told of, but never seen? There was Ivan Zarenov, of course, whose technique was flawless-but it would not

Illustrated by Cornelius Vanderende



The first notes of a prelude were drumming insistently, warningly at the boy's ears and fevered

be the same, it could never be the

But the Maestro would have wished him to go on, regardless of Loneliness? Ricolli would have laughed. Could a talent such as Paul Zarenov had been endowed with permit of such an indulgent weakness as loneliness?

In a passionate effort to lose himself in forgetfulness the youth played many hours each day, at times improvising with a fervor that left him pale and exhausted, at other times lingering softly over themes that he and Ricolli had so often glorified in the seclusion of this same studio room. Always there was a certain fine restraint and perfection of rendition that the father, listening to, increasingly gloated over.

Frequently of late the elder Zarenov's eyes would, for no apparent reason, become calculating, unfathomable gray slits . . . high cheek bones and straight, thin lipped mouth completing the queerly Mephistophelian mask that was his countenance on such occasions. Ivan Zarenov had need of a great deal of money.

The season was right for the plucking of the rich plum-yes, assuredly there must be no time lost now. The passing of Ricolli had been unfortunate, but after all, only unfortunate, for the boy could adapt himself to his, İvan's, accompaniment. They played well together, extraordinarily well. Their opportune possession of the marvelous Strad was an unforeseen favor of fortune, it having come to them at an almost uncannily timed moment. Some few days later the professor Zarenov was smiling blandly as he entered the studio where his son in reflective mood was standing before the window, bow and fiddle in hand staring out over the gray streets whose rain-washed surfaces shimmered under the misty glare of evening lights.

HE elder Zarenov paused directly behind the frail form and surveyed the contrasting scene from over the boy's shoulder. Quietly he spoke. "Ah, son Paul, is it an in-

spiration that you seek there? Or perhaps you still grieve for the beloved Maestro? He would not have it so. We must not now neglect the true career Maestro pointed out for you. We must achieve, you and I, those summits he has spoken of. There is only one way you can repay your debt to Angelo Ricolli . . . to succeed as his pupil to world recognition as a master of the violin.

Gently Zarenov touched a small, rigid shoulder. "Come, Paul, play for me."

Reluctantly the boy turned from the window and followed his father to the ebon piano. His duty was plainly enough marked out. But how difficult, now, was

it going to be to fulfill! As the days passed, however, there was born anew the desire to attain to his proper niche in the world . . . to sustain Maestro Ricolli's faith in his abilities. Gradually a fresh enthusiasm for his work took hold of him and the two Zarenovs were for a short period drawn very closely together in the absorbing task of final preparations for the recital that was to launch Paul Zarenov on the flood tide of world fortune, Somehow, the previous ogre that had haunted the boy had been dis-

pelled.

Ivan Zarenov, for his part, had never known such a monster existed to wear the high strung temperament of his son. To them both every sign augured well for a brilliant premiere. A definite announcement carried a date in the early autumn.

Years afterward the details of that crucial eve recurred to Paul Zarenov livid white as the old, ineradicable scars of former burn-

ings.

IT was not the aspiring virtuoso standing there in the wings of a domed opera house . . . just a child, very human and very frightened. Paul Zarenov, wide gray eyes filling with tears, was helplessly, desperately staring out into the stage at the golden spot of light within which his father sat enthroned at a grand piano. The first notes of a prelude were drumming insistently, warningly at the boy's ears and fevered temples. Soon that spot would travel towards him as in the secret rehearsal . . . but he would not be able to respond to his entrance cue . . . he seemed to be rooted to the floor where he stood, gleaming Stradivarius and the bow clutched perilously tight.

He was paralyzed with a choking, blinding spasm of unexplainable fear. As in a nightmare he tried to force himself forward and found it impossible. The forgotten black ogre of dread was there barring his way as effectively as oaken doors might have done.

The professor had finished the prelude and now the spot-light left him and focused on the right wing of the stage directly in front

of the student, Paul.

Faintly, clearly the piano then was summoning. Already the golden circle was retracing its course towards Ivan Zarenov. The tempo of the music was increasing: louder it throbbed, a commanding voice. Paul Zarenov should have been moving with that light, step by step, advancing to position beside his father as the deep tones of the piano grew to a swelling volume, effectively impressive as a growing thunder of applause. Thus was to have been introduced Paul Zarenov, violinist, protege of the famed Maestro, Ricolli,

To the despairing boy so tragically, maddeningly inarticulate in the face of this crisis the fateful gold beam was a symbol, a vivid globe wherein was centered each hope, each dream . . . and as it receded from him so went those integral parts of his soul with it. He had failed his trust!

Surely, surely it would have been a different matter had the Maestro been there at the keys, assuring, inspiring. Or would it? Heart pounding, pulses throbbing, beauteous wizardry locked there in his supple fingers the boy asked himself a question. Could even the personality, even the implorings of the revered Master himself have drawn him before the sea of faces of which he had caught a single terrifying glimpse. He dared not answer the question. mere thought of such a concourse of people listening to him-to the magic that was his creation-appalled him, left him helplessly weak. Paul Zarenov was desolate.

As the light again enfolded Ivan Zarenov he glanced up expectantly then, comprehending the almost unbelievable situation confronting him, sought to pierce the wings from which his son Paul should have entered, the pianist's lean, muscular hands endeavoring to cover the discrepancy with an unfaltering flow of rhythm from the keyboard of his instrument.

His mask-like face was ghastly with the conflicting anger and apprehension that was unnerving



Morning on Fish Lake.

him. What could have happened—a kidnapping?—some accident at the last moment? Then he saw him. Cowering there to the side of the concealing drapes... preposterously like some ventriloquist's puppet nodding his wooden block of a head from side to side... "No—no", like the tick of a clock.

WITH studied precision Ivan Zarenov finished the piece, stood and bowed to an audience growing now somewhat impatient for the appearance of the boy and strode deliberately towards the wings as if his action promised an added innovation in the program.

The youth Paul had dazedly backed towards a nearby alcove and it was there the infuriated elder Zarenov demanded an explanation. He spoke in quick, hissing, clipped sentences.

"Little fool! And do you stand there like some stick of wood! On this night must you turn idiot? But quickly now! There is yet time. You shall answer afterward. What—donkey! You refuse? You

It was incredible, this wanton, rebellious, insane disruption at the last minute of plans that had cost gruelling years to bring to fruition. What could it mean? What had come over the boy? Zarenov was genuinely puzzled now over his son's changed attitude, for the recent preceding days had been for Paul happy, busy periods and the concert had been very happily anticipated.

WITH a start Ivan Zarenov ceased his speculations. Were they both mad; he and this obstinate, unprincipled child! Would that patient audience wait forever? Already there had come polite murmurings that to the frenzied Ivan were as doom freighted screechings.

Then he pleaded, arms open. "Anything, Paul, I offer you anything you may ask of me—only come this once before it is too late. Listen! Do you hear

The professor's finger pointed accusingly in the direction of the stage.

"They . . . they have known and loved Angelo Ricolli — and

will you still persist in this mad burlesque of his name? You, the pupil chosen above every other to uphold his traditions. That violin you are holding like some irresponsible dolt is not yours; your hands, your learning are not yours to do with as you choose. They are of the Maestro. Quickly! Perhaps he too is out there somewhere waiting to hear you play. You must come."

Paul Zarenov, nauseated, deathly pale was adamant.

"No," he insisted. "No, I can-

Ivan Zarenov's fury had returned.

"Cannot-!"

His hand arose threateningly as he advanced on the youth. His visage had become a mask.

"Come, I say!"
"... even for Maestro. No ...

no!..."

Zarenov, unable to contain himself longer cut short his son's remonstrance with a blow to the boy's face that sent him crumpling to a corner of the room. A second later Paul Zarenov, sobbing, was upon his feet again, with the Strad and bow still intact. Miraculously they had escaped injury due

to the boy's prompt shielding. From out front now came an insistent buzz of voices. Ivan Zarenov turned to listen and in that split interval a slim figure slipped past him like a shadow through the door of the alcove, skirted the wall backstage to a street entrance and was gone into the night.

EIGHTEEN years later Paul Zarenov, gazing over an expanse of broad, fair acres was pondering the years that had carried him up so relentlessly from that night in childhood.

The good soil that was his had brought forth abundantly this season. The valley reposed serenely under a mantle of peace . . . reassuring like the kind counsellor it was; offering rest to all who would commune with it.

The Zarenov place, secluded and rather somber, lay well up under the low pine-clad slopes that reached down to the verdant valley floor and commanded a perfect view of the divine pastoral that Paul Zarenov loved to muse over of the long summer evenings.

The strenuous years had given to Zarenov's features a ruggedness

of outline and his remarkable gray eyes had taken on an added keenness. His hands were now bronzed from labors in field and orchard, though to a surprising degree they had retained the suppleness and deftness Maestro Ricolli had first recognized so long ago . . . which present suppleness, to be sure, had not come about entirely by chance.

PAINSTAKINGLY, night after night, Paul Zarenov spent monotonous hours exercising, massaging those fingers that with the day's toil had become warped to the grip of plow or ax handle; kneading them with the help of oils back into a semblance of their birthright of tapering grace.

Strange about that fiddle, too, in its battered case up there on the top shelf of the locked cabinet .. ever gleaming immaculately, with taut strings, and with bow finely resined. One would scarcely have expected to find it so . . . after eighteen years, during which time the instrument had never been played.

Zarenov would not have attempted to explain the procedure followed which achieved this result, or why it should necessarily be thus, since the Strad was never used. He would not have explained . . . though he would persist in the practice, the fates regardless.

It was a solemn ritual, a finale to the finger manipulations and massagings, but an aggravating,

Manti Temple.

unsatisfying rite that to an intruder might have appeared an insane gesture.

Each night meticulously as the chiming of the wall clock the routine was the same. A key fumbling at the cabinet lock, a time scarred violin shell placed upon the table in the well shuttered front room and opened.

EVER so carefully then the Stradivarius would be removed and laid directly under the low hanging lamp to display each master point. In front of table and violin, Zarenov would first sit vigorously massaging each finger joint, from time to time loosening their increasing tendency to mold themselves to the unwieldy implements of working hours, with the aid of the sweet oils from a vial close at hand; the man endured agonies at times to keep the artist's fingers in a freely pliable condition . . . and to what eventual HSe?

Paul Zarenov would have been utterly at a loss to have told you. Perhaps it was some instinctive decree, unexplainable . . . that the hands must be ready, as the resined bow was and the tautly strung violin.

What vague ideals were prompting the man Zarenov as each night a bronzed arm descended whose slightly trembling hand lifted to position the priceless Strad fiddle, the strings of which had been scrutinized and tightened . . . as a right hand reached for a bow expertly rosined. For then . . . slowly the bow would ascend, bridge the strings, never quite touching them and weave across, back-so truly, so surely, so pitifully eager . . . never quite touching the strings-in graceful coordination with the deft movements of slender left fingers. No sound in the room save the ticktock of the wall clock. A spectral serenade; a vision whose startling unusualness would have recurred months afterward to haunt, like some micabre dream, a chance visitor.

But why this purposeless abnegation on the part of the divinely endowed Zarenov? Only too plainly he longed to touch bow to the tantalizing strings, unburden his pent up soul through the mellow medium of melody . . . interpret

the beauties and tragedies of creation as only he knew them.

WHAT conceivable self restraint held that cruelly imposed rule involate? Was it that he feared to make audible the sacred scores of the old masters—with possible infractions, after the lapse of years, a thought intolerable . . . a fear that someone would be hovering near to overhear? Zarenov's tight pressed lips would have discouraged such questioning as with a barely perceptible sigh of frustration he would replace his violin in its worn case.

After all what did he hope for? had accumulated wealth and goodly lands, he was well liked throughout the valley; he had worked hard and honestly and he was respected. Were not these

things . . . success?

Zarenov, reflecting in this manner would return the violin to its cabinet and fumble at the lock with the tiny, smooth key he carried on a thread about his suntanned throat . . . night and day like some treasured talisman.

Only one night—a night that found the low harvest moon gilding the valley with its precious gold did Paul Zarenov neglect the Strad.

Under the large front room lamp he sat poring over the music section of a newspaper that came to him once a week from out of town. It was an insignificantly captioned item that he read over and over, a notice that Professor Ivan Zarenov would present several of his pupils in recital. It was the first reference to his father that had come to his hand and it left him strangely restless. Leaving the house he chose a moonlit way leading off upward through the pines.

Though it was late when he returned to the house he had been unable to reach a satisfactory decision as to future plans.

He could be sure now of finding his father there at the old studio. Was it his duty to return? What could be accomplished if he did return? What had been the outcome of that fateful concert night that persisted before his eyes down the vistas of the years? Paul Zarenov recalled his own bitter struggles with adversity dating much that time and clenched his fists. Could he leave these lands

now? No—best that he stay. Yes, he must remain here. Paul Zarenov had decided . . . and he was not happy.

SHORTLY before the first snowfall came dusting down over the tall pines there occurred in the well ordered existence of the violinist Zarenov an adventure of such portent as suddenly to change the course of his destiny.

He had returned from a rambling stroll in the hills . . . and as always, true to his rendezvous with the Stradivarius, had established it on its customary table shrine. The back door of the house had been bolted as he entered — the window shades had been drawn and, as was usual, he had opened the front door to peer out for a moment before locking it too.

Paul Zarenov stumbled awkwardly back as the room's light streamed over the first step of the porch. As his unbelieving, horrified eyes swiftly took in the scene depicted he moved slowly forward again, hands tight closed, parted lips dry as the breeze that was nipping crisp leaves from the front yard trees.

Hastily then Zarenov knelt and girl-child whose fear crazed, tear stained face caused a dread chill to strike through the man's veins until the little form stirred and sobbingly trembled within his grasp. The limpid brown pools of her eyes when she opened them reminded Zarenov so very much of the startled, imploring ones of the delicate fawns he had chanced upon in his woodland rambles.

## My Valley

By Dorothy J. Buchanan

HROUGH Indian summer haze I see My valley waiting just for me Its russet leaves send out a call From purple hills that rise and fall. The song of velvet doves near by The far off blue of friendly sky, Gay checkered fields of red and gold Zig-zag fences grey and old; Dull sage brush sweeping freely past To disappear in silence vast. Clear tinkling bells of feeding sheep The murmuring of the waters deep All speak to me in words I know As the crimson disc of fire drops low. I feel my valley clasp me tight And whisper quietly-good night. I watch the stars come out and shine, And breathe, "Dear valley, you are mine."

PETITE five year old Anne Malvern, on a first visit with valley relatives from her urban home . . . had wandered far over the fields, lured on by the glamorous novelties of autumn leaf and bird and brook. As the eerie shadows of night had closed in she had become hysterically frightened and running, scrambling up from falls that in her stricken flight she did not feel-she had, by following a wagon track, come to Paul Zarenov's great looming house and had groped her way up the front stoop . . . then had wilted like a plucked, trampled flower at the closed door where Zarenov had found her.

He pushed the door shut with a booted foot and hurried her to a lounge close to the cheerful hearth fire. He chafed the thin wrists that had become blue and icy from the autumn night and soothed the troubled, besmirched face with warm applications. Then he had tucked her up cozily in a fleecy quilt until she should regain somewhat her composure. Mean-while, he studied her, and adored.

At length she lay quiet and again opened the startled fawn-like eyes. Paul Zarenov smiled down at her, his great, generous heart understanding fully what must be passing through that weary little mind. His voice was huskily gentle as he spoke.

"Rest, my little one. Do not be frightened now. Sleep, for soon your Daddy will come to tuck you in your own little bed. But first tell me, child, what is your name?"

Timidly the girl's eyes peered up at his gray ones . . wanting to trust, still fearful lest the black shadows should swoop down again to enfold her. She answered after a moment simply—

'Anne''.

THE sun wrinkles at the corners of Zarenov's eyes deepened as the gray orbs intently followed the movements of the girl's tiny lips. He questioned further.

"And what is your other name, Anne, child? Your last one? What is your full name?"

Solemnly the babe made answer. "Daddy calls me Anne Malvern sometimes . . . mostly when he is angry."

The rise and fall of the childish

lips made Zarenov think of flutter-

ing red rose petals.

So serious was the troubled fairy, Anne Malvern, in her declaration that Paul Zarenov gave no sign of the unconscious humor woven in her words. He sought to place the name . . . Malvern . . . but was unsuccessful. He considered it unwise to burden the child with too many queriesand it could not be long before searchers arrived on his grounds. They would come. All would be well.

Zarenov was thoughtful as he observed his patient. Worried . . . he noted the tear brimmed eyes and the pale countenance. Disinterestedly she was staring into the fireplace. Suddenly in an outburst of tears she was protesting, between choking sobs-

"But Daddy has not come . . . or my mother, and I want them. Please, please tell them to come quickly! Please . . . will you tell them?"

Her gaze roved nervously about the large room and came to rest upon the glowing Stradivarius. With the discovery her eyes brightened through tears and her breath came in excited, ecstatic, little gasps. Half smiling she turned then to Zarenov and begged in her exquisite baby voice:

"And, oh! . . . won't you play for me on your violin? Play me to sleep until my Daddy comes.'

PAUL ZARENOV stood very, very still as he comprehended the request made of him by the child that needed so much to rest . . . then step by slow step -somehow he seemed entering a golden circle of light and moving with it out upon a stage while the opening chords of a prelude sounded to each depth of his being -he approached the table whereon reposed the Strad fiddle. Inevitably his hands had lifted violin and bow to a ready posture; unequivocal as fate the long, beautiful fingers were co-ordinating with bow and Stradivarius in recreating after eighteen Dantean years of unrequieted longing-first delicately, "Le Cigne" . . . then an elusive, sparkling bit from an Hungarian Gypsy opera . . . now sweet, crooning melodies that filled the room with tone voices-eloquent and ethereal.

Zarenov, as he played watched the doll-like face of Anne Malvern The baby features had within them something a little more than mortal when at last she lay slumbering within the fleecy quilt upon the lounge.

Paul Zarenov ceased playing and returned the Strad and bow to their case. He did not attempt to hold within his eyes the tears that now coursed freely down his tanned, wind-roughened cheeks. With bowed head he gave thanks for the genius that had enabled him to make well the grieving heart of a child.

Noiselessly then he locked the Stradivarius in its cabinet, tiptoed back past the couch to his front door and out into the cold

air of night.

FAST approaching lanterns were bobbing in his fields now like mammoth fire-flies. He met the first searchers with a caution to quietness and led them into the house. And so was Anne Malvern returned to her own.

Zarenov helped prepare the two beacon fires that would tell the alarmed valley of the finding.

Once more alone, Paul Zarenov sat before the hearth . . . exulting. dreaming . . . daring to entertain plans once studiously avoidedknowing now that there was one clear call that he must answer. The first shafts of breaking day found him still musing, unmindful of the cold, in front of the fire-place -where former roseate coals were now gray flakes and dust.

A year had passed. It was an-→ 10°G(2)\*\*>>

other concert night in the early autumn. Within the beaming golden circle of a stagelight Paul Zarenov was ending his triumphs of the evening with the "Sacred and Solemn Prayer", of Handel.

The rich voice of the Stradivarius became still and the violinist, Zarenov, bowed his head. There was a long pause of profound silence, then applause mounting to a prolonged cheer, thundered through the great domed theatre.

When Zarenov raised his eyes to the throng thus honoring him he was seeing them not as a group but as individuals that had been inspired by his playing. Among them had been troubled souls, perplexed minds and saddened, weary hearts. Now . . . for a moment . . . each had forgotten his care

and sorrow and had been lifted from the drabness of life to a

wholesome sublimity.

PAUL turned then to his elderly accompanist . . . Ivan Zarenov, now silver of hair, now tolerant of heart . . . and a look of implicit understanding and respect passed between them.

The violinist, Zarenov, raised his gleaming Stradivarius fiddle to position for an encore.

Softly the finely tuned strings were transcribing on the air the passions—the hopes—the impulses of a heart . . . the intimate inner throbbings and inspirations and interpretations - with all of the earth's crass discords barred with-

In a misted vision Paul Zarenov was seeing Angelo Ricolli out there beyond the footlights and in the arms of the smiling Maestro there nestled a golden-haired child . . . Anne Malvern. They, too, had come to hear him play . . . they, too, had been made happy through the skill of his fingers upon a violin.

# A Civilization and The New Testament-

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beings upon an altar in the name of religion to appease what we thought were angry gods, who revealed themselves in lightning, thunder, storm and pestilence, but which Galileo and Newton and others discovered were natural

forces which we now control and use to run our trains, grind our food and light our homes. Until the new Galileo appears we can accept with deep satisfaction the present conquests of science and hold our minds open to the reception of the even greater truth which awaits discovery. To exclude from our reckoning what cannot be measured or in some other way tested is to violate the spirit of science itself. Yet that unfortunately is exactly what is being done by a very large part of the thinking world today. Our greater progress awaits a more complete understanding of the laws announced nineteen hundred years ago and a greater obedience to them. Joseph Smith has been interpreted by some not of our own faith as the Galileo who has proposed, in the realm of the spiritual, a formula for the guidance of humanity which if followed will accomplish in social and personal affairs as effective a mastery as our present control of the physical forces of the universe.

THE vicissitudes of our day, if our normal thinking does not

do it, will drive us to a re-reading of the four Gospels as the most important record in existence. We do not need to desert science in our reading of this incomparable story. We will find that science, in the finest interpretation we can make of it, is the fruitage of the work of Jesus of Nazareth.

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# ADr. George H. Brimhall Passes On-

flection of the man, and for that reason I read them.

The big world owes me nothing, I had a cup of joy
For every drop of sorrow
I drank, when "just a boy."
When youth came on, it brought me
A bowl of nectar cream;
I ate, became enchanted:
Life all one happy dream.

When manhood's care came 'wak'ning,

My stream of joy grew deep;
Then clouds of sorrow lowered
And I was left to weep;
But sunbeams that were larger
Than darkness of the shade.
Came pouring through the window
That Providence had made.

When strength had passed its zenith:

Life's early afternoon. I swam on troubled waters With fears of going down. But God and friends upheld me, They brought me to the shore, And I have been in heaven For twenty years and more.

I have a friend, now fighting Such battles as I fought; May God remember, give him The miracle He wrought In raising me from weakness And blessing me with health Sufficient for enjoyment.—
Give him that kind of wealth.

Send sleep and comfort to him, Hold restlessness at bay, Save him from discouragement In waking hours of day, And hasten on the sunrise Of day when once again He'll wield with strength and pleasure

The power that uplifts men.
Yours for victory!

No one who knew him has not felt the power of him. George H. Brimhall was never mean or little. He never stopped; he never shirked. He never made excuses. He carried more than his share. He always

gave more than he took. He never short changed any mortal. He was always a leader, never a driver; he loved reality and hated sham. No one ever lived to hear him utter a disparaging word of his superior officer. His loyalty to men was at once, perhaps, his weakness and his greatest strength.

In the game of life he often starred, but he had no desire to star. He was no glory hunter. He was a fair fighter, and a good sport. He admired frankness; he hated gossip. He said that gossip was a poisoned arrow shot from the bow of hate. He had broad sympathies, deep understandings, true interests, and an undying faith in the friendliness of the Universe.

For 65 years he has done more for nothing than most men do for pay. Sixty-five years of gallant, loyal, unselfish service—and not a speck of rust was on his armor.

His physical machine literally where out. The eagle pinions of whis life that had carried him to brilliant intellectual heights of thought and discriminating keen appreciation snapped. His mental feathers drooped, but his soul swung into heaven's atmosphere where hosts await his coming, and where God will bestow upon him powers and added responsibility.

He loved his family; he was the last man on earth to give them pain. He saw afar off their comforts and furnished them. He was greatly loved by his boys, his girls, and his grandchildren. His wish was their desire. Throughout the years his wife has given loving service. She was the wife, the mother, and the nurse. It was what he wanted.

He believed that all one had when he died was what he had given away. Much of that which George H. Brimhall has accumulated during all these years of service he has taken with him.

If any man cast his bread upon the waters to return after many days it was he. If any man ever developed his talents, went out for the last lost sheep, built his house upon the rocks, it was President Brimhall. If ever there was a Samaritan who bound up the wounds of his neighbor and made him comfortable it was this man. He always fed the sheep, he never sheared them.

Every mother's son who brought joy to the heart of his parent, or the prodigal who left his father's hearth was his. His love and sympathy and understanding was large enough for all. "How shall we measure his life?" How shall we measure his life?

Shall we not say with Silver, "that it is not time, nor things, nor success, nor happiness, but achievement, that is the true indicator of character. Growth—mind and soul growth—" "How much have I gained since yesterday, yestermonth, since yester-year. By how much have we bettered our past. Are we able to find beauty where a while ago we could see none?"

"Then true life does not take in time, nor space, but is the secret process of growth. | Everything is growing, becoming. Nothing is done." To President Brimhall life was such; Life was romance, Life was adventure, Life was growth. As his hair has whitened, his soul has ripened. In the last score years he had had a keener perception, a finer discrimination, sounder judgment, a deeper loyalty. He, too, I know would say with Victor Hugo -"I have finished my piece of work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My piece of work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not the blind alley, it is a thorofare.

Then we must not mourn. His passing is his added opportunity,

"Death is only an old door, Set in a curtained wall,

On gentle hinges it gives at dusk, When the thrushes call."



# The Citizen and the



 $\mathcal{B}y$ 

Dr. F. F. Sedgwick Martyn

HE word citizen has a high, historic meaning. Riding like a king in his chariot, it has come down to us from the Greeks through the Romans, and across the Middle Ages, resplendent with honor and proud with dignity. Of less general worth in those ancient days, because the vast majority of subjects were slaves and the chosen few were the citizens, the word has grown in influence and majesty and power, until in this greatest of all ages and this richest country on the globe every humblest man and woman can hold high the head and say with the Irishman, who wrote his friend to come to America: "Here every man's as good as anotherand better, too.

But also, as never so much before, citizenship carries responsibility, and in a Republic like ours, perhaps the highest expression of this responsibility is in the exercise of the franchise. Yet one of the saddest aspects of our political problem is that wrong men are often slipped into power and evil men exalted to high places, because of the thoughtlessness, indifference and moral laziness of the strong, the successful and the upright. Many otherwise good citizensboth men and women-are so busy making money, enjoying their clubs and social sets, or occupied with social climbing, that they are neither willing to serve their country as public officials, nor willing to suffer a little inconvenience or discomfort to oppose evil men, fight wrong measures, and cast a hallot for wise and righteous rulers.

NOW it may not be well to drag politics into the realms of religion, morals, or even economics. Unfortunately, some of its exponents are too corrupt and dishonest to risk influencing citizenry at large, or polluting the pure atmosphere of our national ideals, or even entangling our leaders in the tricky web of their un-Christian and un-American practices. But when unprincipled politicians insist upon injecting great moral issues into their purely partisan contests, it is throwing down the gage of battle to the moral forces of the land and it becomes our duty to take up the challenge and enter upon the fight.

The real issue with which this country is face to face today and which must be met in coming local and national elections, is not a religious issue; nor is it a question of just what form prohibition shall take and how far the effort to enforce it shall go. The real issue confronting us is greater than these. The supreme issue before the nation today is the reign of lawlessness that is threatening the very foundation of this Republic on every plane of its national life.

LAWLESSNESS in the home: seen in the breakdown of parental authority, and the debauching, through the spirit of moral anarchy, of millions of our youth

—because the parents themselves set the example of notorious lawbreaking, brought about chiefly by the liquor situation.

Lawlessness in the schools: illustrated by the moral laxity, the necking and petting, the hip-flask toting and midnight joy rides growing out largely from the liquor situation.

Lawlessness in society: found in the downfall of modesty and decency, with the foul fruitage of the divorce mills and the more awful sensualism reflected in the records of unchastity and illegitimacy—the spawn of the liquor situation.

Lawlessness in the state: seen all the way from violation of the speed laws and the assertion of the individual citizen's "right" to do as he pleases for his own selfish indulgence, right on up to the spirit of anarchy exemplified in the nullification of righteous moral laws enacted by the deliberate will and purpose of an enlightened civilization.

It is this reign of lawlessness which is at once the greatest menace to our country and the supreme issue with which we are face to face. It is this spirit of revolt against constituted authority—in the home, in the school, in society and in the state itself—which in the last decade has changed America into the most lawless nation on the earth.

TO pharaphrase the words of Lincoln—this country cannot endure a citizenship half lawless and half law-abiding. Yet busi-

ness leaders, who really have the most at stake in law observance, not only publicly and privately violate the law themselves, but condone its violation by others. Instead of using their wealth and influence to create public opinion that will demand law enforcement, our business men of high position are the chief support of the master criminal class—the bootlegger.

It is not surprising that this flagrant example of lawlessness on the part of men highest in their communities has undermined respect for law in their children, their servants, their employees, and the

citizenry at large.

The greatest political philosophers, ancient and modern, have recognized and taught that morality is the only enduring foundation of states. And the lawless element of this land will yet learn that there is a moral and spiritual authority on earth that cannot be evaded, and dare not be ignored, and must be reckoned with. It is not an ecclesiastical authority delegated to individuals by vast church systems or mighty man-made religious machines. It is not an authority that inheres in popes or bishops, in priests or preachers. It is the authority of Righteousness and Morality and Truth, implanted in the hearts and souls of men by an all-wise Creator, and before it error and wrong must at last falter and fail and die.

THE Prohibition Amendment, for example, was written into our Constitution after many years of discussion and consideration and was crowned by final ratification by practically the whole sisterhood of states. The efforts to nullify this law have not sprung from the majority of the people who want to drink liquor, but from the minority who want to sell liquor. And to this end, the minority are determined to bring the law into disrepute, by encouraging its violation and thus securing its final overthrow and nullification.

The ultimate result of such a program, if it should ever be put across, would be to plunge its into a state of practical anarchy, wreck our peace as a people, and unsettle the whole business, economic, social and governmental fabric for generations to come. It is nothing short of political madness to think of it.

What is needed is a really honest

and energetic enforcement of the law, not a weak-kneed surrender to these puny moral degenerates, the bootleggers, and their stronger, higher-up allies in the political, commercial, educational and even religious ranks. Instead of cowardly surrender to this treason, we ought—as Henry Ford so well suggested—to order out the whole army and navy, if necessary, to enforce the Constitution of the United States.

WHAT the majority want is to see this and all other laws enforced and obeyed. When citizens in general come to realize that the responsibility is up to them to take the initiative in law observance, then and not till then will the 18th Amendment have been given a fair trial. And until that time there should be no thought of writing it out of the Constitution.

But, thank God! there is another and brighter side to this situation. For meeting this motley array of vice, revolt and lawlessness, there is another force, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners" -and that is the Christian citizenship of this country. Regardless of race and sex and geographical position, regardless of party affiliations and religious convictions, they are drawing together, moved by the magnetism of a common ideal and fired by the purpose to save this land of ours from again being ravished by the foul hosts of liquor, lust and lawlessness. Already the advance guard is marching into battle array beneath the



white banner of King Immanuel, floating side by side in the sweet breezes of heaven with the silken splendor of the "Stars and Stripes."

There is a picture of a scene which is said to have given Betsy Ross the inspiration for her design of the flag. The picture portrays the splendor of a sunrise. In the east, banks of clouds lie low along the horizon. Through these masses of fleecy white vapor the fiery red of the dawning day is gleaming. This suggested the alternating stripes of red and white. Completing the picture, in the upper left hand corner there is a patch of blue sky in which the stars are shining in their golden glory.

THETHER or not the hand of God did first place our starry ensign in the empyrean, and whether Betsy Ross saw it hanging in its beauty there, we do not know. We only know that the things for which our flag stands are holy things and righteous and we love it because of its sacred mission. We love our flag because it is humanity's best expression, not of liberty translated into license, but of liberty regulated by law. We love it because it stands for honesty and honor, peace and progress, enlightenment and brotherhood. We love it because it symbolizes a great nation's lofty ideals and pure purposes.

And because we love our flag, the moral and law-abiding forces of this country-and they are in the large majority-will rise in their might and, regardless of race, party, section or creed, will smite this monster of reaction and nullification which has dared brazenly to flaunt its foul standard in the face of a free and enlightened people who love morality and righteousness, and who have written their will in the mightiest document that ever came from the hand of man-the Constitution of the United States.

WOE be to the man, or group of men, that dares to trample under lawless feet that sacred document, or to besmirch the stars upon the glorious banner of the free which floats above it! We shall soon see whether there is not enough moral idealism and Christian sentiment in this country to save America from definitely and

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# Cycling Through the Shamrocks Through the Shamrocks

INCE I was a child holding my first geography, I had dreamed of roaming the foreign countries, gypsying here and there. At last my dreams were to be realized. The summer of 1928 found De Lania Barringer, a fellow student at the University of California, whom we shall call Dee, and myself sailing from New York for Europe, with no definite plans, except to keep off the "beaten trails" made by tourists, live with the people, study them in the different walks of life, and bring back an unprejudiced picture exactly as we found it.

Although our plans had been to disembark at Liverpool, we were so impressed by our first glimpse of a vivid green patch, seemingly floating on the ocean like a mound of moss on a mirror, that we hastily left the boat at Ireland.

The magnificent panorama

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# Imogene Warder

which greeted us is inadequately described by words. The gray, craggy coast is surmounted by high rolling hills of the most vivid green. The little white light houses look like fairy castles left by feudal princes of long ago.

WE were taken to port in a small tug during a rain storm. Every one ran or slid down the gang plank, making a rush to cover under the dripping roof. But the traveler in Ireland must soon accustom himself to rain. It seems so easy for the clouds to drop a few tears, then immediately thange moods, and the sun shine again. The Irish weather has been likened to the Irish people:

"They cry 'asy, and they laugh 'asy."

An aged and battle-scarred old soldier played beautifully upon a scratched old violin as we rode to land. The sobbing notes of love, intrigues and romance flitted over his face as he played and his con-cluding piece, "Come Back to Erin," caused mist in the eyes of the passengers. Happy-go-lucky are the people of Ireland. Out of the depths of poverty, rose smiles and words of cheer from the south to the north. Cobb (formerly called Queenstown) is a quaint little harbor lying nestled along the coast on a steep slope. The many colored homes are built in adjoining rows, facing the ocean. Each house is a part of one long building with fronts exactly alike except in color; the first one may be white, the next green, and red on down the row. Each house has eight tile chimneys in two rows,

one for actual use and seven for decoration. Little donkey carts clatter along the streets, the drivers whistling and singing.

WE were much impressed by the religious sincerity of the people. In a church crowded with worshippers coming and going, we had our first contact with affected mentality, which exists all through the little Isle. The Census figures tell an amazing story of the mental gloom which year by year has been settling down upon those who remained in the old country. Drained by immigration, gloomed by the absence of the young, hindered by the sense of an immemorial political wrong placed upon them by England, the people of Ireland have real grief. As we sat in the Cathedral, many women passed us with vacant stares. Two asked in wild, hysterical whispers, that we pray for them. Most of the women wore one piece, black sateen dresses, usually very old and mended, and always a little black shawl over their shoulders. We were recognized as Americans, and asked for pennies on every side.

Returning to the little railroad station, which was crowded to overflowing, we saw a scene of lively confusion. Brothers, sweethearts, parents and friends had been awaiting that ship for hours. The home bred young men gazed with wonder and awe at the finery worn by their sweethearts from America, and the pride of parents at the appearance and manners of sons and daughters showed that they appreciated the accomplishments that American experience The home comers all acquires. carried good baggage. One old mother remarked rather testily: "Faith, an' where is your grindmither's ould chist yee'd be takin' with yee?"

There are first, second and third class coaches, the only difference being that the first class have coarse lace covers on the back of the seats, the second class have covers a little less elaborate, and the third class have no covers at all!

AT the city of Cork the hotel bus man, clad in green trousers and long tailed coat "keered" for our baggage and led us to the bus. It was a high, two wheeled jaunting cart, drawn by two

horses. We climbed in, and ere the driver arrived, the horses started down the street. The old driver easily caught his runaway steeds, and soon we were bouncing down the street, over the rough cobble stones.

We stopped at the old Imperial Hotel, quaint and famous in bygone days as a rendezvous for the kings and titled people. Each room contained an odd looking water pitcher and set, decorated with bright green snakes and dragons. Poverty is very much in evidence, because of unemployment. It is likely that the opening of Henry Ford's large tractor factory will improve this condition.

Mr. Ford's grandfather's birthplace, a tiny thatched roof cottage, still stands near Cork. Mr. Ford offered a fabulous sum for this recently, so that he might remove it to America, but the owner refused to sell it.

AFTER seeing most of the town. we rented a jaunting cart and donkey (commonly used in Ireland) and drove out to Blarney Castle. These jaunting carts may be very quaint and picturesque, but they are very uncomfortable. The seats are on each side, so going out we could see one side of the road, and returning, the other. We were afraid to sit on the same side, for fear of overbalancing it. The road to Blarney Castle is one of romance and beauty; thick wooded foliage on either side; even the telephone poles are a bright green, covered with moss. Most of the estates are enclosed by high walls,



so that it is almost impossible to The little farms are see over. separated by low stone walls built centuries ago, when the landlords had many vassals to carry and stack the stones, which are fitted together, not cemented. The old castle has crumbled, the roof and wooden floors have fallen, but romance seems to linger in the old stone steps, worn smooth by many feet. The grass grown court seems to be crowded with fairy figures of the past. We went up the winding steps to kiss the "Blarney Stone," and acquire the gift of persuasive speech. It is an acrobatic stunt to accomplish this. After watching a big Irishman, we decided to try. The stone is under the upper edge of an old window beneath the top of the castle. You must lie on your back, grasp two iron bars, and lower yourself into the opening in the wall down to the stone, while some of the onlookers hold your feet. We had a lot of fun watching the others. As a slip would send you a hundred fifty feet below, most of the onlookers decided their speech was adequate.

Whenever we stopped, dozens of children would collect around our cart; knowing we were strangers, they were awaiting us. They looked underfed, with their thin faces and bodies, and hollow eyes. Their clothes were ragged and dirty. They begged us for pennies, which we tossed to get them away

from the cart.

WE soon found that jaunting carts were far too slow and undependable for our needs, so we decided to purchase bicycles, then went to the edge of the town to practice. At the top of a hill I decided to try my luck. As I was speeding along, Dee remarked to a passerby, "She surely rides well," when bang! I collided with a jaunting cart and was thrown headfirst into that cart. I came trotting back up the hill, pushing my wheel, and saying unkind things about the man who had sold me a wheel minus brakes! The gentleman, our sole audience, laughed and showed us that the brakes were on the handle bars, instead of the pedals, like American made wheels.

After riding a few blocks, we received our first hospitality from the country people. Seeing my futile efforts to make my coat stay

on the handle bars, a pleasant-faced Irish lady appeared and asked us to come in and she would have "Pat fix it." Here we saw our first peat. It is an accumulation of a species of moss which grows like a coral plant in the damp soil and piles layer upon layer, century after century, forming a solid mass many feet deep. It is seventy per cent water, and thirty per cent fibre. After being cut with a sharp instrument into the size and shape of a brick, it must be carried away and stacked to dry. The prosperity of a family is determined by the size of the peat pile which they have accumulated against the winter.

Coal is not only too expensive here, but it will not burn on a flat grate, like the turf.

THE big room into which our hostess led us seemed to be dining room, kitchen and bed We had been intensely room. curious as to the width of the doors, which were divided horizontally in swinging halves. A man apppeared in the doorway. asked us to sit nearer to the fireplace, and a clatter announced the nonchalant entrance of five cows, that passed through the kitchen into the back yard. The floors are hard dirt, and a little path has been worn by the feet of cattle.

After "tay," which is constant-ly served to all visitors, we were off again. We stopped in the homes many times each day. In our unceremonious visits, we obtained real glimpses of little interiors where the very soul of Ireland seemed to smile at the hearth. Their bewitching cheerfulness, content and simple happiness made a charming impression. Each cottage has about an acre of ground and however plain the architecture or relentless the red of the bricksset in the midst of an ample kindly garden of vegetables and flowers. each one greets you with a peaceful air.

BUT it is the older cottage, generally set by the roadside, the little white-washed, one-storied, straw thatched building that one loves to penetrate. In these dim cabins the peat seems to burn with a redder glow; the smoky rafters seem to have a visible hospitality, a spirit of shelter and protection. The humble walls are covered with

pictures of the Saviour and St. Mary. The cooking utensils, beaming down from the walls, look as if they had given joy many a night to a tired, half-frozen father coming in from the field. The chairs and benches look as if they had been drawn to the fire on a thousand occasions of happy gossip.

In these cottages one meets very old, shrunken, bent-over people, toothless and inarticulate, middleaged, disenchanted but courageous people, and beautiful young girls. But one seldom sees young men on the threshold of life. About three hundred thousand have left for foreign countries in the last fifteen years. To see true life, go among the peasants; sit by their peat fires; stand in their gardens; visit their cow sheds and walk through their fields.

VERY few of the houses have any modern conveniences. Water is carried from a nearby spring or well. The lighting is furnished by lamps or candles, even hotels in western Ireland are lighted in this manner. Most of the villages are in darkness after sundown, except for the dim rays shining from the windows of the little shops or cottages. Most of the people, even young boys and girls, have badly decayed teeth. It is caused by wrong diet, lack of good dentists or insufficient funds. Most of the country people spend their evenings taking long strolls, for they have neither theatre nor music hall to relieve the fatigue of the evenings. As we rode down the center street of the little village of Macroom, all stopped talking to stare at us. Two foreign girl cyclists could not pass unnoticed here. We soon had many offers



to escort us to the hotel. Hotels are uniformly clean, and comfortable and the food delicious.

The next day we visited the local market, and were interested to see foods being weighed on the old balance scales used centuries ago. At this market we saw many strangely dressed women. They wore great full sack-like capes which completely covered them from head to foot. Their eyes peered through holes cut for that purpose. And to be more grotesque, some wore little hats on the top The custom has come of this. down from times long past, when wealthy families became impoverished. Having much pride, they adopted this queer dress, in order to avoid recognition while making necessary errands to the markets and shops.

WE attended a Saturday night dance in the little village of Ballyvourney. We tried to learn some Irish dances and by the close of the party, managed to stay on our feet. The next day we rode to church on our wheels, parking them amid the assortment of jaunty carts, wagons and horses of all sorts and colors. We were invited to dinner by a lady of about two hundred pounds, who entertained no fear that her cart might be over balanced. Our kind hostess paid no attention to the little red pigs that ran in and out, or the chickens that cleared up the crumbs and hopped to the chairs.

The meal consisted of a pot of potatoes "biled in their jackets," butter, salt and pepper. A knife each was provided, and we drew our stools up to the table and began spearing the steaming hot potatoes. Once while stopping at a wayside home to have a puncture mended, I was entertained by a queerly dressed soul, whose mentality was unsound, and whose entire conversation was a monot-onous repetition of "My poor sis-ter! My poor sister!" After listening to her sad story, I understood how even the strongest mind could break under the weight of sorrow that had been her portion. We stopped at so many cottages, that whenever we saw smoke curling from a chimney we knew the kettle was on for "tay," and we conjured up some excuse to enter, knowing the kindly Irish hospitality would invite us in. Their bread was always delicious, being cooked in a huge iron kettle swung over a bed of coals, with coals piled upon the cover of the pot.

Ireland is concentrated within an area of some three hundred miles by one hundred eighty. Its actual square miles are less than one half of Utah. The South has demanded home rule, similar to that of Canada, call themselves "The Irish Free State," has a president, different stamps, and coin their own money. The stamp designs are unique, each denomination having a replica of a sheep, bunch of flax, or something representing a product or industry of this part. England is her market, and her future lies in her agricultural development. The present farming methods are very old fashioned. There is little or no machinery, all work being done by hand or with crude implements.

ARRIVING in the village of Crusheen late one evening, after the village inn was filled, we spent the night in the home of one of the villagers by the name of McNamara. They told us of

the fighting in their locality during the trouble of 1922, when the Irish were waging a civil war, between those who were in favor of The Irish Free State and those favoring an Irish Republic with complete freedom from England. These factions were very bitter toward each other. While searching the homes for ammunition these "pro-Free State" and British soldiers often helped themselves to or destroyed, many things of value dishes, pictures, and other articles. We had the privilege of reading the original letter of Pat Hennessy, an Irish Republican, written on the eve of his execution. He had assisted in tearing up a railroad.

We rode on into northern Ireland, where there is more prosperity and less hospitality. It was now so late in the fall, the days were getting chilly and rainy, so we sold our faithful wheels for \$2.00 each and sailed across the Irish Sea toward Scotland.

After this two thousand mile trip through this beloved, povertystricken little country, having stopped in the homes of the peasants and lords, having interviewed the

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president, and having observed the people from every walk of life, never seeing one modern convenience in a home, as a washing machine, electric lights or irons, after seeing the children in need of dental work, diversified diet and better clothing, we were better able to appreciate having been born Our happy four Americans. months trip was completed, and we had none but the most pleasant memories. The following poem, written by Ireland's most beloved poet, Thomas Moore, expresses our sentiment toward the little country and its people, who had extended us such a hearty welcome:

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy

Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy; Which come in the night time of sorrow

and care,
And bring back the features that joy used

to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!

Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,

But the scent of the roses will cling 'round it still!"

## A The Citizen and the Law-

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finally putting her foot on the downward road to destruction which leads at last to the ruin which overtook people of the past who forsook the path of righteousness.

Early in the American Revolution. General Washington met a stalwart young Lutheran preacher who had recently come from Germany. Washington was attracted by his handsome physique and noble mind and invited him to accept a commission in the American army. The following Sunday, Muhlenberg went into his pulpit and preached. He spoke on the sacred theme of human liberty and pointed out the iniquities that were being visited upon the Colonies by the mother country. He then exclaimed: "My hearers. here assembled in the house of God, there is a time to pray and a time to fight, and the time to fight has now come!" Then he threw back his black robe and stood before them in the shining uniform of a colonel in the Revolutionary army. He recruited a regiment of

patriots from his congregation who became the famous "German Regiment."

Christian citizens who read these words, again has come the time to fight, again the time for action! It is your privilege as well as your duty to enlist in this great army of righteousness. Clothe yourselves in the uniform of your citizenship and arm yourselves with the mighty weapon of the ballot—

"A weapon firmer set
And sharper than the bayonet.
A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
Yet executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God."

Thus equipped, fight for the preservation of your country—for its preservation from an enemy greater than any that ever threatened her from without; the deadly menace of the enemy within.

YES; strong in the strength of your citizenship, fight for the country which, as Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, used to say, exactly fulfills the conditions of physical

health:-head lifted amid the cool breezes of the tonic North; feet in the tepid waters of the Gulf. Head cool and feet warm. A country so diverse that everything grows in it, from the pines and evergreens of the North woods to the snowy cotton and golden fruit of the sunny Southland. Its soil so fertile that, as Douglas Jerrold said of Australia, "you have but to tickle it with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest." Its bowels rich with every kind of mineral wealth beyond the wildest dreams of Ali Baba. Its eastern and western shores washed by the two great oceans of the earth, forming a natural barrier against foreign aggression or encroachment. jestic rivers that drain the continent and float the commerce of fortyeight stalwart states. Its more than 3,500,000 square miles unified by rail and wire and aeroplane and radio, until New York and San Francisco are next door neighbors. And best of all, a land of freedom and education and opportunity and religion.

And shall not we, its citizens, be in purpose, as pure as its breezes; in ideals, as lofty as its mountains;

in moral principles, as deep as its rivers; in spirituality, as rich as its mines; in brotherhood, as unified as its territory; and in righteousness, as firm as the solid granite which underlies the continent?

## ARichard R. Lyman

sistance, are his present hobbies. A man's hobbies indicate his taste and reveal his character.

He is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, American Waterworks Association, American Association of Engineers, American Association for the Advancement of Science, Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, Utah Society of Engineers and Utah Academy of Science.

In his Apostolic ministry he does much public speaking and in an educational capacity he frequently delivers addresses. From his childhood he has been active in the Church and whether at home or abroad he has always maintained the high standards of his people and has never deserted or forsaken the ideals cherished by the Latter-day Saints. He has always stood as a leader among his associates and consequently has occupied positions of leadership and responsibility in the Church. He was stake super-intendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Salt Lake Stake when it included all of the wards in Salt Lake County; stake supervisor of Parent Classes for the Ensign Stake. He always points with pride to the fact that among his assistants in Salt Lake Stake were such men as George Albert Smith, Joseph F. Merrill, Heber C. Iverson and others.

DR. LYMAN served as second assistant to President Anthony W. Ivins who was general superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Church and Dr. Lyman is now first assistant to George Albert Smith, the present general superintendent.

He has been very active in promoting the Boy Scout work and has been prominent in its national councils.

He was ordained an apostle and set apart as a member of that council by the late President Joseph F. Smith on April 17, 1918, and since that time has traveled extensively throughout the Church giving to the work the best of his heart and mind.

Dr. Richard R. Lyman is slightly under six feet four inches

in height, weighs two hundred and fifty pounds and is well propor-

## The Tenderfoot Scout's Prayer

By Ida Powell Brown

I'M only just a tenderfoot tonight, Lord, It's my first day with You among the pines,
At home I don't think much of what I'm

At home I don't think much of what I'm saying, I been so used to mumb'ling out the

lines.
It's hard explaining just what I've been

The pine trees smell so great above my head.

But somehow You seem close to me tonight, Lord.

I had to pray before I crept in bed.

"The moon's so bright a shinin' through my tent flap On old Don's face, he dropped right

off to sleep.

I guess he's plenty tir'd, it's his first day

too.

He had the darndest cramp in both his feet.

I'm sleepy, —um: what am I kneeling up for? Oh yes, my prayers, it's funny I'd

Oh yes, my prayers, it's funny I'd forget.

My eyes keep going shut, I'll have to

hurry,
There's lots I haven't thanked the
Lord for yet.

"God bless the scoutmaster, he's sure a sport though— Carried my pack today when I give

out—
And say, those hot cakes that we cooked were bully—

What was that joke I heard today about? Oh boy, those songs we sang around the

campfire, The pine trees like a wall that shut

us in.
The fire danced amaking ghost'y shad-

That song I liked, what could the name have been?

"That water running makes me awful sleepy, It's pretty though, like music far

away.

I'm tired, and it's getting kinda chilly,

I'm most too cold to think of what to say.

The Lord, He'll guess how it is with

a fellow,
He knows I'm proud to be in camp
today.

Move over, Don, it's our first day of scouting,
He'll understand that I'm too tir'd out
to pray."

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tioned. He dresses with meticulous care and is most scrupulous in his living. These, added to his fine moral background, his superior intellectual capacity and training, the cultivation of his spiritual endowments, combine to make him an outstanding and impressive personality. Cultured, congenial, able and sincere, with a never failing good humor, he is delightfully companionable and a center from which radiates a most wholesome influence. He is big-hearted, highminded, whole-souled, sympathetic and wholesome-wholesome in his thinking, in his habits of living, in all his contacts and associations -in fact there is no other word more descriptive of his character and personality.

There are a hundred people who starve for words of encouragement and hope where there is one who actually hungers for bread. There are bleak and desolate lives that could be made bright and productive by a ray of sunlight or a gleam of hope. If we were to say to the living what we say over the dead this would be a far better world in which to live. Richard R. Lyman says the encouraging word today—if he can't say it he writes it.

A man may be brilliant, resourceful, enterprising, with capacities and capabilities of the most unusual order; he may be brave and kind and strong, but if he is not loyal you cannot trust him—Richard R. Lyman never betrayed friend or foe—you trust him.

friend or foe—you trust him.

Wherever he has gone he has carried high the banner of his faith, never flauntingly, but with a dignity which has won the confidence and esteem of those with whom he has mingled. No one ever had occasion to question where his faith centered or to what church he gave his allegiance. At home or abroad wherever he has gone, in whatever company he has moved, Richard R. Lyman has observed, with almost Puritanic exactness, the principles and practices of his religion.

He is a shining example of these fundamental virtues and we love him because of this. Neither jealousy nor envy have a place in his

heart.



#### Harvest Moon

By Beatrice K. Ekman

HARVEST moon is soaring high. Harvest fields beneath her lie. White the ribbon road runs down Through garnered golden sheaves to town. Summer days are done.

Birds are crying—flying south.
Beauty brims the canon's mouth.
Reddened orchards skirt the lane.
Harvest moon will wax and wane. Summer days are done.

### Sagebrush Silences

By Harry Elmore Hurd

THE earth is pungent at this time of The air is heavy with the spice of sage: Already Autumn turns the golden page, Warning the world that Winter's days are near.

The dusty desert is a blue-grey sea Flowing to the circling purple peaks: Beneath the shade of one man-planted tree

I hear an awesome quietness that shrieks. -400°000

## The Deep Sweet Song

By Carlton Culmsee

THAT night you were all in brown like a small brown bird: Quiet and tense like a wild thing that has heard

A step in the thicket and knows not who is coming

And so sits frozen with her little heart drumming, Hoping to hear the soothing note of a

friend But ready to dart away to the sad world's end.

But the voice was a friends, and the small

brown bird Sang a deep sweet song that only he heard. → 40.0000000 ←

## Mountain Dusk

By Pearl Riggs Crouch

 $B_{
m \ belvidere}^{
m \ ELOW\ this\ \ beetling,\ \ wind-carved}$ The firs fall back to skirt the valley

stream And far across the vast, unfolding plain Rivers and lakes flash back the sunset's

Above the peaks that rise in white repose A rosy cloud-fleet drifts with starry crew And lupined meadows walled by canyons dim

Blend in the mystery of twilight blue

### Just One Friend

By Myrtle Bigelow

ONLY want one friend, just one, Some understanding soul. Who knows my moods and attitudes And loves me heart and soul.

A friend who, when I am sad and glum, Will take me by the hand And make me feel, with friendly zeal, That he can understand.

And who, when I, in merry mood A dozen minutes after, Will not repress my foolishness But join in all my laughter.

A friend who gives his best to me. And who, with stubbornness, Demands, you see, the best in me And will accept no less.

only want one friend, just one. List, this will amply do: A friend in thought, in creed, in act, In other words, just you.

## The Color Vendor

By Jean McCaleb

OME buy my colors!" Nature pleads, 'For you who love all shades, all

Of orchids, yellows, oak-leaf greens, I've tints for all your human needs!

My autumn leaves boast every hue, Of scarlet, brown, carnelian-red-As if some fairy heart had bled When woodland lover proved untrue.

There is no faster, brighter jade Than that which tints my carpets green-No clearer cobalt ever seen Than that from which my skies are made.

I've tints for all your human needs, Of orchids, yellows, oak-leaf greens— For you who love all shades, all sheens, Come buy my colors!" Nature pleads.



#### Untamed Land

By Grace Ingles Frost

O, HOW I love the freedom of a land That is untamed, untrammeled by

the hand
Of civilization with its smooth veneer—
A wilding wilderness that knows not fear-

The silence in its miles of silken sand, And mighty hills that like cathedrals stand,

Pointing the way to God!

## \* W6.900 Amber Beads

By Dixie Foster

MOTH wing—flickering, vanishing— Glint of sunlight on a long forgotten wav

Pool of soul silk, lightly fallen From the twirling radiance Of a dawn old slave girl-Swirling, shimmering cascades-

Breath of moon beam

Softly resting on the hush Of lonely Angkor Wat "City of the Angels". Amber beads Vaguely nestled in a sea of midnight velvet.

## 10/6/3/00 There is One Thing

By F. Howard Forsyth

THERE is on thing," the Wise One said,

"That limits destiny."
We paused. Oh, but to know the thing
That holds us back! We could take wing If-if-providing we-

"Wait!" Stern the Voice in curt command.

"There is no if! Aspire To undreamed heights, a distant star! You can not miss your mark by far, So strong is your desire!"

## Return

By Alberta H. Christensen

HEARD a melody tonight-Sweet strains that from my mind had gone, Though once a factor to a dream

Long lavendered away in song. Acres of arid time lie stretched between That first great ecstasy and this sharp

hour, That fragment song should ever bridge the gapl

But trekking through the years it found my dream

And dropped it once again in memory's

# Aaronic Priesthood

## Grant Stake Makes Splendid Survey of Aaronic Priesthood

ONE of the most thorough and complete reports of Aaronic Priest-hood surveys yet received at the office of the Presiding Bishopric has been received from Grant Stake. The survey covered practically every feature of boy activity and supplied leaders of Aaronic Priesthood Quorums, Sunday Schools, M. I. A. departments, and others, an accurate picture of conditions in the Stake.

The report lists all young men in the Stake from 12 to 20 years of age. In each group is given a classification according to age, Quorum activity, Sunday School, Scout and Vanguard

registration, etc.

In each Priesthood Quorum group each member is listed according to age —whether of proper age for that Quorum or beyond. The classification also lists in percentages all members according to recommended Priesthood groupings-Deacons, 12 to 14, Teachers, 15 to 16, and Priests, 17 to 20-and carries through the groupings to show how many are over the proper ages for the Quorums to which they belong.

A similar analysis is made of enrollment and activity of all young men 12 to 20 in all the Church auxiliaries to which they should belong.

With this excellent report as a basis the newly organized Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee has planned a definite program in cooperation with the Stake Correlation Committee, to follow up every name on the list.

### Ogden Ward Holds Successful Aaronic Priesthood Convention

I JNDER the direction of Bishop James E. Burton, the Nineteenth Ward, of Ogden in the Weber Stake, recently held an outstanding Aaronic Priesthood meeting. Talks by Priests, Teachers and Deacons, together with entertainment features provided a program of unusual interest.

Members of the Bishopric and Aaronic Priesthood supervisors made appropriate remarks. Quorum officers also participated.

## Hyrum First Ward Adopts Effective Report Plan

A SAMPLE of a monthly check sheet for every member of the Aaronic Priesthood has been adopted by Hyrum First Ward in Hyrum

Stake. The report checks on the activity of each member on an individual sheet as to Word of Wisdom observ-ance, Payment of Tithing, Quorum activity, Sunday School attendance, M. I. A. and Seminary affiliation.

Inactive members are assigned for special visits under the Correlation Plan. The report is simple but effective, and excellent results are re-

### Los Angeles Stake Devises Comprehensive Correlation Report

A WARD correlation report that covers every phase of activity and inactivity in church matters has been prepared by the Los Angeles Stake Correlation Committee. The card is 4 x 6 inches and is used in two colors, a pink card to be sent to the stake committee and a blue to be retained by the ward. The card is aimed especially to provide an activity rating and a record of home environment on an individual basis for every young man in the stake. It is complete, giving all necessary information regarding the young man and also a record of visits made through the correlation committee. An elaborate marking code makes possible the condensing of information.

## Aaronic Priesthood Attendance Increases

A TTENDANCE of Aaronic Priesthood members at Quorum meetings during the month of July were in excess of any corresponding month on record. Reports of the Presiding Bishopric show that increases of 3%

M EMBERS of Bishoprics and Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors who have not yet secured Lesson outlines for Quorum meetings are urged to do so at once. These books contain complete lesson and activity out-

Priests-"Missionary Themes"......10c Teachers—"Some of Life's Discoveries" ......10c

Deacons—"Lesson Book" ......10c These are the lessons for the bal-

ance of this calendar year. Every Aaronic Priesthood Quorum should be following these outlines. Orders should be sent to the Presiding Bishopric, 40 North Main St., Salt Lake to as much as 300% were made by 70 stakes. The gains made by various stakes in percentages were as follows: Bannock 2 to 17; Bear Lake 21 to 25; Bear River 14 to 25; Blackfoot 11 to 16; Blaine 24 to 25; Boise 22 t o28; Box Elder 16 to 19; Burley 17 to 19; Carbon 12 to 14; Cassia 17 to 19; Curlew 18 to 28; Deseret 14 to 22; East Jordan 18 to 25 ; Ensign 14 to 16; Franklin 20 to 30; Fremont 18 to 21; Grant 24 to 36; Gunnison 15 to 16; Hollywood 28 to 34; Hyrum 6 to 10; Idaho 14 to 17; Kanab 4 to 11; Kolob 6 to 17; Lehi 22 to 26; Liberty 21 to 26; Logan 19 to 23; Los Angeles 23 to 25; Lyman 9 to 17; Malad 19 to 20; Maricopa 33 to 34; Millard 11 to 13; Moapa 13 to 19; Montpelier 14 to 15; Morgan 9 to 24; Mt. Ogden 20 to 23; Nebo 8 to 10; Nevada 7 to 10; North Davis 13 to 26; North San-North Weber 17 to 21; Ogden 20 to 23; Oquirrh 11 to 14; Palmyra 14 to 17; Parowan 9 to 13; Pocatello 21 to 28; Portneuf 10 to 13; Roosevelt 8 to 15; St. George 15 to 18; St. Johns 11 to 13; St. Joseph 22 to 25; St. Lake 18 to 20; Sevier 18 to 19; Sharon 16 to 22; Shelley 24 to 19; Sharon 10 to 22; Shelley 24 to 29; South Davis 22 to 23; South Sevier 13 to 15; Star Valley 23 to 24; Summit 11 to 13; Teton 11 to 15; Tintic 9 to 11; Tooele 4 to 6; Uintah 9 to 16; Wasatch 20 to 21; Wayne 7 to 11; Woodruff 15 to 16; Young 21 to 32; Zion Park

### Correlation Activities in Priesthoods

FROM many stakes of the Church, word has been received by the Presiding Bishopric that correlation committees are being fully organized for the fall season, and plans being made to contact every young man from twelve to twenty, in an effort to bring them into activities in all the organizations of the Church. Several of the stakes have set the month of September as a special visiting month, and aim to contact all the inactive young men during that period.

Correlation conventions are being planned for the stakes where they have not yet been held, and are to be set within a few weeks. The success of the correlation plan thus far has proved its value to the Church, and indications are that this coming season will see greater increases in the Aaronic Priesthood activities than in any time in the past.



## MUTUAL MESSAGES

Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, RICHARD R. LYMAN, MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary: OSCAR A. KIRKHAM General Offices Y. M. M. I. A. 47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A. 33 BISHOP'S BUILDING SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A. RUTH MAY FOX, LUCY GRANT CANNON, CLARISSA A. BEESLEY, General Secretary: ELISE HOGAN

## Division of Responsibility

#### MANUALS, PROJECTS, READING COURSE

- 1. Two of the Executives have general responsibility for all Manual work, Projects, Reading Course, and Class Activities.
  - Class Leaders conduct:
     a. Manual discussions.
    - b. Project work.c. Reading of Course books.
- 3. Class committees, chosen by and from the class membership, plan and conduct the once-a-month full evening activity program (as M Men-Gleaner Jr. work) and also any outside Dept. activities, such as dinners, home parties, sleighing parties, etc.

And one of their number is on the Community Activity Committee to help plan all activities for the ward and the

M. I. A.

4. Dept. Activity Committees may or may not attend Union meetings. If they do not, the suggestions for the once a month programs are carried back to them by the Class leader. If they do attend Union Meeting

and a separate session is held for them, assistant class leaders or officers should

also be in attendance.

#### RECREATION

1. Two of the Executives have general responsibility for all M. I. A. and community recreation.

2. The two Executives, the directors of Dance, Drama, Music, Speech and Story, and the five class representatives plan and conduct

a. The second period activity program on three Tuesday evenings.

b. Contests.

M. I. A. programs other than those on regular Mutual nights, as for example Gold and Green Ball, Opera, Drama, etc.

d. Ward or Com. programs. 3. Each dept. may choose the Appreciation courses desired and its representative on the Com. Ac. Com. will cooperate with other members of that committee in correlating and carrying

them forward.

- 4. If any dept. chooses another course than those outlined, it should report to the Com. Ac. Com. and together they agree on the leadership. This leader may then become a member of the Community Activity Com-
- 5. All courses should be taken up consecutively until completed. A miscellaneous, 'hodge-podge' program is not desirable. The place for miscellaneous activities is on the once-amonth program.
- 6. At Union meeting each director on the Stake Board will meet the leaders in the respective activities.

## Logan Stake Officer Expresses Appreciation

I SAT in the special M. I. A. testimony meeting Sunday morning. June 12th in the Assembly Hall. Brother Lyman's and Brother Ballard's talks had aroused in me that do or die determination to make good in my calling in the M. I. A. President Grant sat motionless, his head bowed in his hands as if weary or in deep thought. The meeting was turned over to testimony bearing.

In the balcony a young married woman stood up and with her hand



M. I. A. Officers, Anaconda, Montana



Clinton Ward, M. I. A., Clearfield, Utah

affectionately resting on the shoulder of her husband gave vent to thoughts in such a frank and open manner that all knew she was experiencing through activity in the M. I. A. that indescribable joy that comes to one who lives a clean wholesome and unselfish life of an active Latter-day Saint. Others gave their testimony. From where I sat I could not hear all. A young returned missionary standing beside his mother, father, grandfather, and grandmother thrilled all with a firm substantial testimony. He had absorbed from his experience in the mission field that which (as he expressed it himself) would make him happy, useful and successful if he could but retain it throughout life. Others spoke. Casper Merrill, superintendent of Ben-son stake M. I. A., grandson of former Apostle Marriner W. Merrill, spoke from the balcony and added in sincere tone his testimony and asked all to stand to show appreciation to the General Board for the splendid reception afforded by them to all the M. I. A. workers attending the conference. President Grant raised his head and beamed upon the grandson of a former

apostle and I imagine said in his heart the third generation in this line is safe and some of our efforts as leaders and pioneers have borne good fruit. I would rather have been in my seat at that moment than to have been honored by being the greatest individual known in the eyes of the world in general. All around me good clean wholesome people with an unselfish desire to help humanity. What a people, what a church, what an influence for good. What an opportunity for me. If this experience could come to me often enough I would never need worry about my salvation in the world to come. Here was the proper influence under which to live. Enough, all that I had wanted to arise and say and do had been said and done. My very thoughts had been expressed. I could not have accomplished it myself, but the desire was there. Spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. I shall never forget that sweet communion of spirit felt by all who attended. We looked at each other and understood. Tears were everywhere in evidence.

## Tooele Stake Mothers and Daughters' Banquet

MOTHERS and daughters joined together in a gay, carefree spirit at a banquet given by the Gleaner Girls of the Tooele North Ward at the ward amusement hall to partake of the three course banquet. The menu was carried out in green and gold. Three long tables were beautifully decorated with yellow spring flowers and each mother was presented with a candy bouquet as a token of esteem. Novel musical selections were served with each course and the evening ended with yellow pring flowers and the every one joining in community singing.

## Washington Pageant

NORTH SANPETE STAKE
UNDER the auspices of the M. I. A.
officers of North Sanpete stake, a
pageant, "Washington Returns," was
presented in the Elite theater Thursday, with performances at 2 p. m. for

## Field Notes

children and at 8 p. m. for adults only.

The Spring City ward presented the prelude and postlude; Fairview South ward, first episode, "Youth and Adventure;" Mt. Pleasant South ward,

Sunday Evening Joint Session for October

THE program for the joint session on Sunday Evening in October is to be based on Improvement Era material. That the program may be presented as a sort of surprise to Ward audiences, many of whom are Improvement Era readers, the outline will not be published here, but will be prepared and sent to stake officers early in September. These officers will see that Wards have their copies in ample time to prepare the numbers of the program.

### Lasting Festival Values

By J. Spencer Cornwall

1. In the light of Latter-day Saint ideals, recreational music reaches its destiny only when it is of the highest cultural value.

2. There is a carrying-power generated by a large singing group which is never possible with a small one.
3. Adequate leadership, a common

3. Adequate leadership, a common song repertoire, and the assembling of various units, are the three essential elements in Festival productions.

4. Real pianissimo singing by a

large group is outstandingly beautiful.
5. Most group singing is ordinary first, because the members of the group are not made to sing exactly together, and second, because the music is al-

lowed to lose its goal.
6. To allow a chorus to remain seated, tends toward better blending and control. (Singers become individual when standing.)

7. The technique used by Mr. Cain to discipline the chorus in matters of volume and speed was the most direct possible

direct possible.

8. The real spirit of the Festival was the result of the loyalty of the singers to Latter-day Saint ideals.

second episode, "The Man and Home;" Fairview North ward, thick episode, "The General and Fame;" Mt. Pleasant North ward, fourth episode, "The Statesman and Immortality."



Mothers' and Daughters' Banquet, Tooele North Ward



Ensign Stake Fathers and Sons' Outing—June 25-26, 1932. Smith & Morehouse Canyon, Weber Firs, David Neff's Home.

### Ensign Stake Fathers and Sons Hold Outing

ONE of the first reports of Fathers and Sons' outing this year to be received by the General Board comes from Ensign Stake. The outing was held at the summer home of David Neff in the upper Weber Canyon. Under the supervision of Superintendent D. E. Judd, Scout Commissioner E. A. Evans and Vanguard Commissioner Roy Lundquist a program of games, contest and campfire stunts was presented. Members of the Stake Presidency, High Council and Bishoprics joined in the outing. In the principal athletic contest, the annual traditional baseball game between fathers and sons, the sons, true to form were victorious. Prizes were awarded in a series of unique contests including golf "putting" and driving for distance. A number of Indian tepees placed in a semicircle around the campsite formed the setting for an unusually attractive picture.

### Gila Junior College Pageant at Red Knolls

"The Prodigal Son," a story that has touched the heartstrings of the people of all nations in the world was presented by Gila Junior College as the fith annual Red Knolls pageant, to an audience of more than 2,000 people. hundreds of whom had come from great distances to attend this production and to view this marvelous outdoor theatre.

From the opening scene until the last word was spoken by the actors, the great audience sat intensely interested and at the conclusion much praise for the splendid manner in which each character was enacted, was heard from those who witnessed the production.

The most brilliant of all the seven sense was that of the Roman court where the prodigal son reached his height of glory. It was a vivid contrast from the swineherders' hut, where he later found himself chained in degradation with only the companionship of the mad swineherder before his return home, humbled and sick.

The leading roles were well carried and the main cast was splendidly supported by groups of men and women representing the people of the ancient country, costumed in the garments worn in that period of time.

Pres. Harvey Taylor, Stake M. I. A. Supt. and Miss Addie Wright, dramatic teacher in the college, directed the production.

The lighting effects were very beautiful and brought out to great advantage the majestic beauty of this natural theatre found in the heart of a desert and carved by the elements and the hand of time throughout centuries —how many no one knows.

## Report M. I. A. Activities, Honolulu District, Hawaiian Mission, Season 1931-1932

Pollowing the organization of the Honolulu District Council by President Castle H. Murphy in June, 1931, the following were called to direct the Mutual Improvement Association work in the District for the 1931-1932 season: Fred E. Lunt, Superintendent, Richard Davenport, First Assistant, Albert O. Clissold, Second Assistant. Jessie M. Elliott, President, Rena Smith, First Counselor, Loa Clark, Second Counselor, and Julia Kaluna Lau, Secretary.

Under these two Boards, the five Branch Mutual Organizations in the District—Waikiki. Lanakila, Kalihi, Kakaako, and Papakolea, have individually and collectively had a most successful year.

A full program outlined from the Handbooks and Supplements has been carried out in each Branch. The good accomplished and the advancement made cannot be appreciated except by those who have seen a straggling few at the beginning of the year increase to a chapel full, and hesitant, inexperienced workers develop into resourceful, confident officers.

The M Men and Gleaner Girls have very much enjoyed the monthly joint classes and the study of "Etiquette." In the Waikiki Branch Sister Jeannette A. Hyde has directed this class which has been most interesting, entertaining, and instructive to many visitors as well as the regular members of the class.

The 'Honolulu District Mutuals took great interest in the Mission contests this year with the result that although they competed with eight other Districts they won four out of eight events, and most important of all had over 500 members participating in contest work. President Murphy was so pleased with the contests he is now working on a plan to raise funds to send representatives from the Mission to the Church final contests next year.

Since the beginning of 1932 the M Men of the District have participated in basketball and volleyball tournaments. The Waikiki team, winners in the District, won the Missionwide basketball championship, and the Kakaako team, district volleyball champions, placed first in the Mission-



M Men-Gleaner Banquet, Honolulu

wide volleyball tournament. Although the girls' volleyball was not included in the Missionwide contests, a very successful tournament was held in Honolulu and won by the Papakolea Branch. All of the athletic teams received much publicity and praise from

the press. Without doubt the outstanding event of the year was the "M" Men-Gleaner Girls Hallowe'en Banquet, held in the Blue Room of the Alexander Young Hotel and attended by 188 M Men and Gleaners from all of the five Branches. This function was sponsored and directed by the District M. A. Boards to whom those in attendance will ever be grateful for this wonderful party. In commenting on it, the Hotel Management said it was the finest gathering of young people ever too entertain in the hotel.

At least six nationalities were represented among the guests: Hawaiian, Samoan, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and Anglo Saxon, a noteworthy refutation of the current charge that Hawaii is teeming with race hatred.

After a bounteous feast in the perfect setting of M. I. A. colors and flowers, the party moved to the dancing pavilion where an M. I. A. orchestra furnished the music for dancing. It was an evening never to be forgotten, certainly not by those whose joy comes from sponsoring high standard social functions for the young people.

Since the M Men-Gleaner Girls Banquet another highly colorful affair was the Gold and Green Ball held on the Roof Garden of the same hotel. This affair leaves another happy memory of genuine fun.

To close the seasons' work a District Swimming Tournament was held at the War Memorial Natatorium on June 1st.

Programs are now being outlined and plans are going forward for next seasons' work and as soon as material and instructions can be received from Salt Lake City, our Convention will be held in Honolulu and another more successful years' work will be begun.



Building the M. I. A., Sugarhouse Ward, Granite Stake

## Kanab Stake—Moccasin Ward M. I. A.

OUR ward or independent branch, though small, has sponsored some excellent socials this past year. One of the most successful ones was the "Old Fashioned Ball."

In order to make our attendance at mutual more perfect we held a contest; for one month the class that had the lowest percent in attendance at mutual had to sponsor the "Old Fashioned Ball." This increased our record of attendance and it fell to the lot of the Adult Department to give the Ball. This department was the only class that did not have a perfect record.

The Adult Department made up for their failing in attendance at mutual by showing everyone present at the Ball a good time. They had old fashioned songs, old fashioned costumes, old fashioned dancing, old fashioned games and old fashioned music. It was highly successful and most enjoyable.

## Reunion of Old Officers

EVER since by the organization of 1904, which caused the disbanding of the old Salt Lake Stake Y. L. M. I. A. Board, it has been the custom of the former members to meet annually on the birthday of their former president, Mrs. Nellie Colebrook Taylor. Following this custom, the members were entertained at luncheon on Tuesday afternoon, May 31st, at the home of Mrs. Rachel Grant Taylor. Fourteen of the old board members were present and as specially invited guests. Mrs. Maria Y. Dougall, Mrs. Martha H. Tingey, Mrs. Ruth M. Fox and Miss Clarisas Beseley.

## Sevier Stake M. I. A. Group Holds Tree Ceremony

THE Adult Department of the M. I. A. chose as their winter project home and community beautification. In the fall a very successful exchange of plants and bulbs was carried on in each ward.

As a conclusion of the winter's work a plan was worked out and accepted very heartily by the several adult classes. Each member was asked to contribute ten cents, and four black walnut trees were purchased and planted in the east plot of the Tabernacle grounds at Richfield. The plot is known as the M. I. A. park.

Tuesday evening, May 17th. A Tree Ceremony was held. President J. M. Peterson dedicated the memorial trees, the first being dedicated to George Washington and the rest to prominent people in the history of the stake.

The Sevier Stake M. I. A. is going to continue on with their beautification project and plans are already under way for fall activities.



Moccasin Ward, Kanab Stake-Old Fashioned Ball

## Secretaries

Secretaries of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. have a responsibility too great to overlook in the keeping of records and histories of their ward Mutuals. This responsibility was brought home forcefully to all stake and ward secretaries who attended the secretaries session of the Thirty-seventh annual June conference. This was a very successful and inspiring session under the direction of Alma H. Pettegrew general secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. and Elsie Hogan, general secretary of the Y. L. M. I. A.

Many features occupied the attention of the large group present but the most valuable was the address on "The Importance of Record Keeping," by Elder Andrew Jenson, assistant Church historian. His talk was not only interesting and enlightening but inspired his listeners with great ambition and desire to perform more accurately and promptly the work assigned to them.

Elder Jenson stressed the importance of record keeping, first by telling of the ancient records which give the world today its only knowledge of ancient history. He also traced his-tory-making through the many ages of the world and told of its many different forms, which included rec-ords of individuals, autobiographies, histories of nations, histories of churches and religious records such as the New and Old Testaments and the Book of Mormon. He stressed especially the importance of accuracy, especially in the transferring of dates and names to records. In this particular connection the veteran historian urged the necessity of a person keeping the same name throughout life and seeing that it is entered correctly on the Church and auxiliary records.

"Let me impress upon you that the writing of history is next in importance to the making of history. Of what benefit would Christ's teachings be to us, if they had not been recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Nephi, Mormon and Moroni, etc., and what good would the inspired utterances of our own leaders of these latter days be to us if it had not been for our Church historians and recorders?"

The conclusion of Elder Jenson's talk is of real importance and is as follows:

"It is now for you to see that your records are properly preserved and taken care of, in order that continuous histories of your organizations may be briefly written and preserved for the benefit of later generations. When a minute book or roll book has been filled, it should not be thrown around in your homes but given to your bishops or stake presidents to be preserved in their vaults."

Elder Jenson's talk was followed by

a profitable discussion of important features, particularly along the line of suitable books for the use of stake secretaries in keeping their rolls and records.

A minute book has not been provided for the stake secretaries by the General Board, as it was felt that the expense involved in printing so few books would be too great and also because of the fact that meetings held by the stakes are not uniform as are the ward meetings. Suggestions were made as to the types of books to be used and methods of making the records.

methods of making the records.

Two suggestions in this line were made by the stake secretaries of the Benson and Cache stakes, which have been forwarded as follows:

From Eva Bentley, Y. L. M. I. A.

secretary:

"In Benson stake, the secretary never visits any department. If she is not holding a department for ward secretaries she visits in the President's department. We hold Sunday morning report meetings each Union meeting day and at that time the stake board members report visits to wards, and also give brief reports of the work to be taken up in the various departments at Union meeting. At the close of this meeting each board member

## Save Your Road Show Acts

In many stakes the Road Show is becoming one of the favorite events of the M. I. A. season. Each year excellent acts are arranged and presented, and then are heard of no more... Original ideas, worked out in distinctive and effective ways, should not be lost after having been presented once or twice—and to the end of preserving such sketches, prizes are to be given by the General Board.

Prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5 are offered for the best Road Show acts, properly written up and sent in to the General Office. It is preferred that they be submitted after having been presented on the stage, that all details might be complete. Other acts than those winning prizes may be purchased by the Boards for publication in a "Road Show" pamphlet.

Watch the October "Era" for further details. In preparing your ward Road Show act, keep in mind the idea of having it go into history. Get busy early on a Road Show sketch which will win a prize and put your ward and stake on the M. I. A. map!

hands to the stake president a detailed account of the work she expects to give to the ward workers in her department. This outline is used by the stake president in her department, so that the ward presidents will be familiar with the work of all departments, and so that if any ward is not represented in all departments, the president can take the information home to her ward. At the close of the union meeting the stake president gives these outlines to the stake secretary, who then includes them in her minutes, thus the record of the day's meeting is complete."

From Wallace L. Secrist, Y. M. M.

From Wallace L. Secrist, Y. M. M. I. A. secretary, Cache stake:

"I use a loose leaf book No. 11511, measuring ten by seven inches. this I keep a complete history, minutes, rolls and all for the entire year. At the close of the year, these are cheaply bound and filed away. In this way years. I use dividers or marginal index for the following division in my book: complete list of ward and stake officers with the position they hold; the minutes and roll of the weekly stake board meeting; minutes and roll of the monthly stake union meeting; then assignments which includes a schedule of visits to wards by stake board members, made up at the first of the year and a copy given to each board member; a history division in which I record all major events and file all stake letters or circulars we send out to wards and paste all newspaper clippings relative to the stake or any ward M. I. A. activity."

As stake secretaries we are now beginning another season's activities. Both as ward and stake officers, our calling is an important one. Let us resolve that during the coming year our work, if possible is going to receive just a little more attention at our hands. As ward secretaries let us resolve to get our monthly reports in on time. On the last Tuesday of the month make it a habit to fill out the report from records before leaving Mutual and drop it in the mail to the stake secretary. Perhaps a late report every month is keeping the stake secretary from attaining a 100% showing in the Era.

The annual reports are long past due at the General Offices. We find almost without exception that the Stake Secretaries report promptly if they can get the reports from the wards. There are a few stakes from whom we have not as yet received annual reports and we are therefore holding the compilation of our Church report. Ward and Stake Secretaries please cooperate with us in this matter and let us have your reports at once. We desire the Stake report to be complete and, therefore, insist that every ward submit reports to the Stake so that the Stake report can be compiled.

With regard to the monthly reports
for 1932, we will not ask for a re-
port for the month of September, but
will include the desired information in
the October report. The report blanks
will be mailed to the Stake Secretaries
for distribution to the wards in ample
time for compilation of the October
Stake report, which is due at the Gen-
eral offices November 5th. Even
though the reports for the Young Men
and Young Ladies are uniform, it is
the desire of both Associations that re-
ports shall be sent to both offices, that
is, the Young Men's Stake secretaries
should report to the Y. M. M. I. A.
Office in the Church Office Building
and the Y. L. M. I. A. Stake Secre-
taries report should come to the Young
Ladies' office in the Bishop's office.

### Y. M. M. I. A. and Ioint Publications

For your convenience in ordering we are listing our new publications, together with prices: Order your Y. M. and Y. L. supplies SEPARATELY. M. I. A. Hand Book Community Activity Manual-Text book for the Tuesday evening Activity Program ....... Supplement to the M. I. A. Hand .50 Book and Community Activity Manual (\$1.00 doz.) ... fult Manual, "A Rational .10 Adult Manual, Theology" "Challenging Senior Manual, Problems of the Twentieth Century" .35 PLAYS 1932-33 Contest Plays\_ \$1.00 1931-32 Three Contest Plays .... Success (three-act\_play)\_ .50 Vol. I 6 One-act Plays\_ .50 Vol. II 6 One-act Plays\_\_\_\_\_ M Men Manual, "Religion and .50 Achievement" .35 Vanguard Manual, "Log of the Vanguard Trail No. 2"\_\_\_\_\_ .50 Y. M. M. I. A. Roll and Minute .50

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\_(\$1.50 doz)

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31x points of the beout Eur	.,,
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May Blossoms (Book of poems	
by Ruth May Fox)	1.00
Junior Manual	.25
"My Story" Junior project	.20
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unior rin	.47
Junior Song	.05
Gleaner Manual	.35
Treasure of Truth cover	.20
Treasure of Truth cover	.35
Picture Chart	.021/2
Pedigree Chart	
Etiquette-Right Thing	.50
Gleaner Pin (large size)	
Gleaner Pin (small size)	
Gleaner Pin (small size)	
(We have no large cheap Gleaner	
Bee-Hive Books-(\$2.50 doz.)	.25
Bee-Keeper's Books	.60
Swarm Records (2 for 25c)	
Roll Sheets	.02
Record Sheets	
Swarm Record Cover	
Review of "The Life of the	.00
Bee"	.15
'Nymphs'' Hand Book	
Bee-Hive Pins (\$2.50 doz.)	.25
Bee-Keeper's Pin	
Worker's Pin	
AN OTIVET 2 T III	5.00

## Cigaret Speaks

By Elsie E. Barrett

I'M a good Mathematician. With sly Nicotine My importance your fancy may tickle, For I penetrate vitals, make bodies unclean While the same in rank poison I pickle. I can ADD nervous ailments along with

expense, And SUBTRACT from your pep while dulling each sense.

I can color your fingers, burn holes in your clothes,

And your eyes from my smoke will get squinted; I can use for two smoke-stacks your mouth and your nose

And your lungs-well it's best left unprinted. I can MULTIPLY sadness, increase every

pain, And DIVIDE mental energy, crippling your brain.

Oh my victims are many, I tempt either sex,

Not one whit for the harm am I caring; I can make of my subjects most sorrowful wrecks

While they lose half their senses and I take INTEREST from work, make

outh look like age, And I DISCOUNT your chance of suc-cess on Life's stage.

I can make your soul hanker for my taste

and smell Till you want me right near every min-

ute: But-if you're not a smoker I better not tél1

For I fear you might never begin it. I can do THESE and MORE once you get in my debt

For my KINGDOM'S TOBACCO-I'M CHIEF-CIGARET.

Bee-Hive Chain 3.5 Bee-Keeper's Ring 2.0	
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Business (Package)	20
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Domestic Art (Package)	5
Out-of-Doors (Package)	1/2
Foundation (Package)	1/2
Continuous (Package)	1/2

#### PICTURES FOR SCRAP BOOKS (1c each)

Church Authorities-Group picture. Y. L. M. I. A. Presidency group pic-

Spirit of Hive cards-2 for 5c or 25c Bee-Hive Bandlo and Cap-75c.

#### ADDRESSES FOR SUPPLIES

Y. L. M. I. A., 33 Bishop's Bldg.,

Salt Lake City, Utah.
Y. M. M. I. A., 47 East South
Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Reading Course Books — Deseret Book Co., 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah. Plays (other than those listed above), Salt Lake Costume, 53 West 3rd

South, Salt Lake City, Utah. Musical Selections - Your local dealer or Beesley Music Co., Salt Lake

City, Utah; Glen Brothers, Salt Lake City, Utah. Roll cards for classes and temporary rolls, 2c each. (Permanent rolls

should be kept in minute book.) We do not carry charge accounts.

Remittance must accompany all

We do not encourage C. O. D. orders, as they incur unnecessary added

expense. We wish to express appreciation for the splendid, faithful services of our secretaries and the fine cooperation which they have given in the past and to those new ones coming in we welcome you to our ranks. What a splendid army of Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. secretaries we have, more than 2,000 in the stakes alone and several hundred more in the Mission Fields. Secretaries, we are the history recorders of this great organization. Future generations will turn to our records-will they be inspired by our accomplishments as given there?

## Adult-

A LL who are over 35 years of age are eligible to membership in the Adult Department of the Mutual Improvement Associations. This group, is made up of progressive men and women of the church united in a cooperative quest for deeper, fuller life.

### Course of Study

Health has been the general subject for study during the past two years in the Adult Department. "Community Health and Hygiene," a contribution of unique value by Drs. L. L. Daines and Arthur L. Beeley was the manual used two years ago. The book, "How To Live," regarded by many as the most authoritative on the subject in the English language, studied last year, focused attention on individual physical and mental health.

cal and mental health.

This year's text "A Rational Theology," by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, is in a sense a treatise on spiritual health and, therefore, follows the preceding courses in natural sequence. That it is also timely must be apparent to all. A clear spiritual insight was, perhaps, never more needed than in the present disturbed state of mankind. This exposition is intended according to its author "to show the coherence, reasonableness, and universality of the gospel philosophy."

The Health program in the Adult Department shall have fulfilled its purpose when it has promoted physical health, brought about an attitude of healthy mindedness, and has caused a truly spiritual outlook upon life as a whole that will make the universe seem friendly, life purposeful, hope real and sacrifice worthwhile. It is designed to direct men and women into the way of abundant life—positive living for those things which are worth living

## The Project

In harmony with the M. I. A. slogan and the general department aim, each member of the group will endeavor to make possible a fuller life for all through:

1. Abundant Reading. 2. Social Contacts. 3. Healthful Play. 4. Wholesome Hobbies.

Out of the many we have listed these sources of richer living and recommend that you give careful consideration to these four things placing the emphasis where your own individual and community needs direct.

One entire Tuesday evening (preferably the first in each month) is to be given over to these projects and to socials. The October Era will contain the program suggested for Tuesday evening November 1st, on "Abundant Reading." Suitable program material on the other project activities and for socials will follow from month to month in the Improvement Era.

### Class Organization

There should be two class leaders in the Adult Department in every ward —a man and a woman. They will have supervision of the department in general. The group itself will elect an activity committee for the department consisting of three or five in number. It is the responsibility of this committee to provide the full evening programs for the first Tuesdays of each month. This committee should be chosen at once and proceed to prepare a social to secure membership on October fourth.

## Department Social—Oct. 4th

The program for this get-acquainted social should be well planned so as to arouse enthusiastic interest and a warm social spirit. It is suggested that the ward be divided into districts and that class officers and committee members extend personal invitations to all members of the ward who are eligible for membership. There may be opportunity during the program to give a brief prospectus of the year's work in order to familiarize the new members pres-ent with the scope and appeal of the work. Class officers and the committee should sense their responsibility to create and maintain throughout the year a group identity and a fine feeling of fellowship among the members.

## Seniors-

A NEW phase of M. I. A. work to be launched in 1932-33 is the Senior Department, for members between the ages of 24-35, inclusive. Last year there were experimental groups organized in some wards, and the results were such as to justify the extending of the department throughout the Church, wherever the need is felt for it. A letter and report from P. V. Cardon of Cache Stake gives the views of one leader on the matter and will doubtless be effective in assisting others to organize the department suc-cessfully. He says: "I am enclosing a brief summary report on Senior class work conducted . . . in the North Lo-gan and Fourth Wards. . . . The class has been a delight to me. Never have I enjoyed one more, and never has the teaching of a class proved more profitable to me. I am confident that classes conducted along the same or similar lines would prove attractive to the younger adults in every ward of the Stake.

Excerpts from his report follow:

## Summary Report

THIS class work was organized in conformity with the plan of the General Board to try out in some selected wards the work covered by the pamphlet outline, "Challenging Problems of the Twentieth Century," I was asked by the Cache Stake officers to be responsible for trying the work in one or more wards of this Stake.

After consideration of plans of procedure, I was authorized to start the work in the North Logan Ward and in the Fourth Ward. I served in an advisory capacity only, in so far as the North Logan class was concerned: whereas, I assumed active leadership of the Fourth Ward class.

## NORTH LOGAN The North Logan Ward was chosen

for two reasons: (1) It was already interested in a Current Events Class, and (2) it represents the out-lying wards of Cache Stake. After meeting with this class and outlining a plan of procedure, I depended upon indirect contacts as a means of keeping in touch with its work. The work of the Parent-Teachers' Association later combined with the work of this class and all winter the group has met regularly, dividing its attention between P. T. A. problems and the Mutual discussion problems. The attendance has been remarkable, maintaining at between 20 and 40. I feel that for a "rural" ward the plan adopted by North Logan, has proved highly satisfactory; and in this feeling I am supported by the Ward officers. My own attitude concerning it has been to encourage every act of its leaders that would help to get people out to discuss community problems. My theory in this respect is that community problems, and group consideration of them in open forum, constitute a splendid basis for senior class work in rural wards, especially where lack of library facilities limits more formal class programs. In other words, to get people out for discussion of community problems, in my estimation, is of paramount importance. So long as their interest is devoted to constructive discussion, it makes little difference, I think, what they discuss.

This, I grant; may be a wrong attitude; but it is the one I have encouraged, and I think it has been conducive to success in North Logan.

#### FOURTH WARD

The Fourth Ward already had an Adult class which was studying "How to Live." This class was under capable leadership, District Judge M. C. Harris being the leader, but attendance was only fair. Consultation with Judge Harris and Ward officers led to

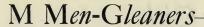
an agreement that a Senior class would be organized under my leadership, the Adult class to continue under Judge Harris

I asked to have a class secretary aporited who would notify all eligible members of the ward of the organization of a Senior Class, time of meeting, leadership, nature of class work, and so on, and to keep a class roll. Sister Quayle was appointed secretary, and her faithful devotion to her responsibilities is commendable. It is from her records that I have compiled the statistical data herein presented.

From the very first meeting on October 27, I planned the work of the Senior class so as to appeal to persons between 24 and 35 years of age, but older people were never excluded. By far the greater number who attended the class were consistently within the age limits stated.

Subject Matter: The first lessons given were built around those outlined in "Challenging Problems of the Twentieth Century," bringing them in line with the more recent magazine articles, books, and news reports on the respective subjects. Keeping abreast of these subjects gradually led to adoption of the practice of devoting virtually the entire period to discussion built around such topics as the economic depression, unemployment, proposed relief measures and the effect of these things on home and family life, together with all the economic and social issues involved. These discussions led us far afield-to Russia, Italy, Germany, Manchuria, Shanghai, and elsewhere but usually we came back to our own homes and surroundings. At different times we touched upon such varied subjects as capitalism, machine age, communism, United Order, unemployment insurance, divorce, size of family, church marriage, early marriage, crime, federal governmental ma-chinery, taxes, and so on, always endeavoring to interpret these topics from the standpoint of Church doctrine.

My plan was to keep abreast of current literature and be prepared to lead (Continued on page 695)



## Joint M Men-Gleaner Program

A GREAT teacher has said: "Nothing reveals character like the company we like and keep, and nothing foretells our future like the thoughts over which we brood."

One of the great objectives of the joint work for M Men-Gleaners is to furnish that type of association or companionship between our young men and women that will tend toward the development of finer and nobler characters. Under the inspiration attending our organizations, with ideals such as are being planted in the hearts of our youth, there comes as a result of this joint work, impressions and associations that will eternally affect the lives of many. We are pleased with the work done by this joint group last season. We feel the objectives are being realized, our enrollment increased, wholesome friendships developed and cultural and social refinement attained. Through our leaders spiritualizing, feeling and studying the suggested joint program, continued life and understanding is injected into the work. A class usually reflects the personality of its leader.

The first Tuesday of each month will be entirely given over to joint M Men-Gleaner activities. The period will cover one hour and a half—from 7:45 to 9:15. The subject for discussion is "Our Social Obligations" to be presented through talks, discussions and demonstrations. The leaders in charge of separate M Men and Gleaner groups and the M Men and Gleaner officers are responsible for the successful carrying forward of these joint sessions. Generally the latter conduct the programs. In arranging each evening's program much freedom and initiative are to be encouraged, the time given to discussion and activities varying according to the nature of the program.

We urge leaders and M Men-Gleaner

officers to read the entire course through so that they may get the feeling of the subject and more intelligently plan the various features.

Careful preparation should be made during the month preceding each program for the reading of the statement, the talks by an M Man and Gleaner Girl and for the activity following the discussion. The talks will generally be about five or six minutes in length and should measure up to the standards of good public speaking as outlined in the Community Activity Manual. These should be followed by spirited discussions, and these in turn by the demonstrations which, if presented well, will furnish much enjoyment. Committees will be chosen from the group to take care of demonstrations.

The following eight discussions and demonstrations are outlined: For the month of October-Our Social Obligations in Preparing Ourselves for Good Citizenship. Demonstration: Demonstration Primary. November-Our Social Obligation in Keeping up our Morale under the Present Financial Strain. Demonstration: A "Hard Times" Party. December—Our So-cial Obligation in Maintaining the High Standard of the Dance. Demonstration: Group participation in dancing in class room or the recreation hall. January—Our Social Obligation to the Home. Demonstration: A Home Party. February-Our Social Obligation in Standing for Better Moving Pictures. Demonstration: A Pantomime Movie. March-Our Social Obligation in Raising the Standards of Integrity and Honesty. Demonstra-tion: An Honor Party. April—Social Obligations during Courtship. Demonstration: A Playlet. May-Our Social Obligations during Vacation Time. Demonstration: Outing.

Chapter Four, pages 56-68 of the Gleaner Manual is devoted to the M Men-Gleaner program. Suggestions for Gleaner and M Men Banquets are given on p. 67-68. The joint program will also be found in the M Men Manual.

## West Jordan M Men-Gleaners

THE M Men and Gleaner Girls of the West Jordan stake held their first annual banquet at the South Jordan School Auditorium. The color scheme was carried out in green and gold. Covers were laid for 150 guests. Grandayle Finlayson was toastmaster and Bertha Turner was mistress of ceremonies for the evening. It was a most enjoyable affair.



M Men-Gleaners of West Jordan

## Gleaner Girls

### Gleaner Program

WE have had joy in the preparation of the Gleaner Manual and heartily commend it to both Gleaner girls and leaders, with the hope that enjoyment and real benefits will be received from its use. The price is 35c. Following is a brief resume of the Gleaner program for the year, as given in the Gleaner Manual. The first Tuesday of each month will be de-voted to the Joint M Men-Gleaner program; second and third Tuesdays, manual discussions: fourth Tuesday. the Project. There are some excep-tions to this. Therefore, please follow carefully the Calendar given on page 4 of the Manual.

### Course of Study

THE Gleaner course of study is "An Appreciation of the Book of Mor-(See Gleaner Manual, Part p. 71-140). There will be Two, p. 71-140). sixteen discussions, rich in information and interest, inspiring, faith-promoting, written by Dr. Adam S. Bennion. We shall study the Book of Mormon from the viewpoint of an appreciation or evaluation of it as a piece of religious literature. We shall consider the literary gems and prophecies of the Book of Mormon. To know this book is to know a great book. It is not only a choice bit of literature but it bears the stamp of approval of the Lord. A book to be great must stimulate men to nobler living. By this measuring rod, the Book of Mormon stands out distinctly as a great contribution to the world's literature. To read this sacred volume with prayerful, honest heart is to know that it is true. It is our earnest hope that a fervent testimony of its truthfulness may come to each Gleaner girl. We urge Gleaner leaders to study carefully the Testimony of the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon, so they will have the spirit of this testimony in their hearts as they present this course of study.

## Reading Course Book

WHITE Bird Flying," by Bess A WHITE Dud Trying,

Streeter Aldrich is the Gleaner

Girls book. It is a sequel to "A Lantern in Her Hand." "A White Bird

The Hand." The Flying" is a delightful romance. The authoress charmingly unfolds for us the sweet life of Laura Deal, whose ideals were fine, and true, and romantic; of Allen Rinemiller, a product of solid ancestry and wholesome environment. All characters are equally well portrayed. The story is of our own day and age, but it makes sufficient allusions to the pioneer generation-ancestors of the leading char-

acters-that the reader feels the wholesome atmosphere of those great souls who pioneered our prairies and valleys, of which Nebraska is but one illustration. We urge every Gleaner leader and girl to read this book. Class discussion on it will be had on the evening of November 29th. See Gleaner Manual, Chapter Three, p. 53-55 for Gleaner Girls' Book and lesson outline. Elsie T. Brandley gives a very fine review of this book in Improvement Era of July, 1932, p. 557.

### Project

ONLY when viewed in the light of growth and development do beginnings become important.'

Two years ago the Gleaner project, "I Will Gather Treasures of Truth" was begun. The first year but a few books were compiled; last season 2,-688 books were commenced, and this year should double that number.

The vacation period has proved an opportune time for treasure seekers. They have resurrected old albums and been introduced to some interesting relatives; they have spent happy hours with the colonizers of their community, living over the days of the past; they have found tucked away in the lives and hearts of those on all sides of them memories which bless, strengthen and inspire. They have made these incidents and stories their own by recording them in their books.

Gleaner leaders have discovered that the project is successful only when they themselves are compiling their "Treasures of Truth." The three sample books made by the Gleaner Committee of the General Board, and lent to the stakes, have proved how eagerly any assistance along project lines is welcomed.

In this year's manual 38 pages (see Chapter II, p. 13-52) are devoted to the project. Every Gleaner should have her personal copy of this manual. From it she will receive inspiration and help in making her book, for it contains a sample "Treasures of Truth" book, with illustrated sheets for the ten suggestive divisions, and pages reproduced from Gleaner books, giving the type of material suitable for each division. The fourth Tuesday of

We have several splendid homes where girls can work for their board and room while attending the L. D. S. Business College-write us for full particulars.

L. D. S. Business College, 80 No. Main -Adv.

each month will be project evening. Eight class discussions have been outlined. (See Gleaner Manual, p. 14 and 49-52.)

The following verses from the rec-ord of Maggie Hill of Franklin, Idaho, show that she has caught and por-trayed the spirit of the project. They were read at June Convention and because so many desired copies we take this means of giving them to our workers.

#### Treasures of Truth

HERE comes a time when fast the shadows gather And o'er life's path a tempered ray is cast, When eyes look not with hope upon tomorrow.

But linger on the pictures of the past.

And see through tears that ever scorch the eyelid The vision of bright days that could not

stav: And hear the melodies and taste the sweetness-

December wins a sunny smile from May.

From out the years I glean the golden

treasure To brighten days that may not be so fair; And from the joys and sorrows of the present

A harvest of rich memories I prepare.

My Patriarchal Blessing full of promise To aid me through the ever changing years;

That song my mother used to sing at twilight Seems now a benediction to my ears.

A little scrap of cloth that Grandma col-

ored Brings back a picture of the dear old

soul: A verse that helped to clear a troubled vision Has made more sure the pathway to my

goal. A colored shoe that thrilled me in my

childhood, A bit of lace from my first party dress, A snap-shot of the little boy who prom-

ised To wait a million years if I said "Yes."

Some timely notes to tell of my achievements.

The story of a lesson that I learned The incident of how I paid my tithing— Ten cents on the first dollar that I earned.

All these with countless touching mem-Ories

This treasure book to future years will

bring; Where'er I go, whatever may betide me Sweet memories of youth and home shall cling.

More precious with each day of grief or gladness These treasures I have gathered of the

truth, More hallowed when with age I learn their import.

More blessed if they glorify my youth.

-Maggie Hill, Franklin Ward, Franklin Stake.

## Junior Girls-



Junior Girls, Burley 2nd Ward

#### Junior Leaders

ARE you called to teach a class of Junior girls this coming winter? Are you thrilled by the prospect?

Have you ever envied a famous person for the influence he has over people? Yours is the same privilege. Who can tell how far reaching your message will be, if it reaches the hearts of your Junior Girls. Who can tell what good you may start as you inspire your girls to conquer their enemies, and to choose right.

Are you already preparing so that they will receive your best? Does it seem a mountain, such a lot, for you to do? Do not be dismayed, just a little every day will clear the path and fill your soul with light and love for

your work. Your girls are just at the point when they feel a great urge for social expression; when they feel their ability and power to do things. Perhaps the only thing they lack to give them that ability to do is the education and experience that would give them balance and judgment. It is a tremendous responsibility to help them get that judgment. It is a high calling to help mold their desires and teach self mastery. You are to endeavor to be the greatest of artists-to follow in the footsteps of the Master himself, to create a desire in the hearts of your girls to learn more of their Heavenly Father and his laws. It is the most important desire you can nurture.

Have you a copy of your text for your class work?

Have you been working on your project, collecting material and preparing it for your book "My Story?"

Perhaps you can answer yes to all of these questions. Perhaps some of you are commencing your preparation for the first time. All of you will want to know your program for this year and perhaps the first step is to know the calendar. The Calendar for 1932-33 is to be found on page 107 in your Manual "Believing and Doing." In case you have not as yet obtained the manual here is a copy of it.

Read it over month by month. As on as you have your manuals, read it over again checking it up with the lessons, the activities and the time so that you will have a vision of your year's program.

#### **CALENDAR 1932-33**

Sept. 13—Opening Social. 20—Chapter 1—Believing and Doing.

27—Chapter 2—Believing and Doing.

Oct. 4—Project—My Story; Lands My Parents Came From. 11—Chapter 3—Believing and Doing.

18—Chapter 4—Believing and

25—Chapter 5—Believing and Doing.

Nov. 1-M Men-Gleaners and Juniors.

8—Chapter 6—Believing and Doing.

15—Chapter 7—Believing and Doing.

22—Chapter 8—Believing and Doing.

29-Reading Course Book.

Dec. 6—Project — Missionaries in My Family; My Journeys.

13—Chapter 9—Believing and Doing.20—Chapter 10—Believing and

Doing.

27—Open.

Jan. 3—Project—My Friends; My Hobbies.

10—Question Box or Travelogue.

17—Chapter 11—Believing and Doing.

24—Chapter 12—Believing and Doing.

31—Chapter 13—Believing and Doing.

Feb. 7—C h a pter 14—Believing Doing;\* Project — Plains to Cross.

14—Chapter 15—Believing and Doing.

21—Chapter 16—Believing and Doing.28—Chapter 17—Believing and

Doing.

Mar. 7 — Project — M y Privileges
under the Covenant; Baptism for Departed Kindred

or Friends.

14—Chapter 18—Believing and Doing.

21—Chapter 19—Believing and Doing.

28—Chapter 20—Believing and Doing.



Junior Girls of Fernando, California

Apr. 4-Chapter 21-Believing and Doing;\* Project—Review and Display of Books.

11-Chapter 22-Believing and

Doing. 18—Ward Honor Night.\*\* 25-Stake Honor Night.\*\*

May 2-M Men-Gleaners and Juniors.

9-Chapter 23-Believing and Doing.

16-Chapter 24-Believing and Doing. 23—Class Party. 30—Open— Memorial Day.

\*The first Tuesday class period every month covers the entire evening. In February and April the first part of this period is to be devoted to the lesson, the second to the project.

\*\*Dates of Honor Nights are subject to change by the stake.

Have you noticed that on the first Tuesday each month your class period lasts from separation into classes until the close of Mutual or from 7:45 until 9:15. That gives more time to work on project. Twice in the sea-son, Nov. 1 and May 2, by courtesy of the M Men and Gleaners, you are invited to participate in their activities. This is a new venture for the Juniors.

January 10 is the only night provided for the travelogue or the question box. Some stakes have a preference. Choose the one you have found most successful. Perhaps you can color the project chapter "Lands My Parents Came From" with the travelogue spirit. We are loath to entirely abandon these Junior activities because we have found them so delightful to the girls.

On project nights there are two chapters given. Encourage the girls who have already worked on the chapters introduced last year, and who are well started to take up the new chap-ter. Have the new Junior girls begin at the beginning.

Start to plan for the Spring Festival that comes the latter part of April or in May as early as January.

Note, that the activity period oc-curs the second period of the second, third and fourth Tuesdays. It is recommended that the class as a unit choose the subject they will study. They may choose any of the five courses outlined-Music, Drama, Story Telling, Speech or Dancing. They may be able to cover two courses in the year. Remember that the Re-told Story Contest belongs to the Junior Girls and Vanguards. Learn the rules of the contest and have as many Junior girls participate as pos-They may also enter Dancing and Drama and if 16 years of age they may participate in the Music Festival.

Junior Leaders study your manuals. Where possible encourage your girls to buy the Manual. If this is not possible a contribution of a few pennies from each girl should be sufficient to



Hazel Staker and Izola Hoggan, Burley 2nd Ward. These two Junior leaders have been in attendance at every meeting, were the first to reach 100% of the fund, and completed lesson work and projects in a delightful manner.

buy one or more manuals for class circulation, which will be a great benefit. Our aim is to know and have our The value of time.

The success of perseverance. The pleasure of working.

The dignity of simplicity. The worth of character.

The power of kindness. The influence of example. The wisdom of economy. The improvement of talent.

The joy of originating.

—Taken from Marshal Field.

#### Junior Festival

THE Junior Girls' Festival, at San Francisco, California, was held at the old Mission, and was a most enjoyable affair, especially as the mothers of the girls were guests. Decorations were representative of the idea "Building a Life," the bricks in the building being honesty, sincerity, prayer, etc. The girls have enjoyed their Mutual work all winter, and were sorry to see it close. They are anxiously awaiting the beginning of a new season, but they may resume their interesting activities.

### Morning

Emily Black, a Junior Girl

HOW lovely the morning just after a rain! When the warm, summer sunshine comes down once again.

It touches the heart and the soul of the OTTE Who is walking or strolling out under

And the warm, moist odor that comes from the sod

the sun.

Makes one feel nearer and dearer to God.

## Bee-Hive Girls

THE Bee-Hive Department held a very interesting session Saturday morning of June Conference. summer program was discussed and Bee-Keepers were urged to feel the importance of leisure time guidance of the Bee-Hive girls during their summer vacations. In addition to the projects contained in the summer bulletin, it was suggested that Swarms



Bee-Hive Girls, Mill Creek Ward, Cottonwood Stake

in their cell filling write up and dramatize cells in the various fields. Attention was called to the fact that this is the George Washington Bi-Centennial year and the Bee-Keepers were encouraged to dramatize incidents from the life of Washington in their activities. Flag drills, the singing of patriotic songs, etc., were suggested in keeping with the celebration of the Centennial. The Bee-Hive Committee will be pleased to receive dramatizations written by Bee-Hive girls or their Bee-Keepers.

They were also encouraged to sing Bee-Hive songs, write and sing original stunt songs; also in their cell fill-ing to learn L. D. S. Hymns. (See cell 8, Field of Religion.)

#### NEXT YEAR'S WORK

The Bee-Hive Committee feels that Bee-Hive work is so extensive that they do not wish to burden the Bee-Keepers with too many additional responsibilities.

Project: There is no definite pro-

ject suggested. The Committee is leaving this matter with the various stakes to plan their own project if they have one which they desire to emphasize with their Bee-Hive girls.

Contest: Only one event is suggested, viz.: a 300 word essay on Beelive Symbolism for Builders and Gatherers. The contest to be carried only as far as the stake. For the Nymphs the contest event is a paper, "What I have learned in Bee-Hive."

Reading Course: Instead of choosing a definite reading course book for the Bee-Hive girls, the Committee is suggesting that the girls read some of the material listed in the Field of Religion under cells 12, 13, 14, 15; and cells 80 to 88 under the division of "Religious Reading." For fiction reading the reading course lists of past years, was suggested. The Bee-Keepers were also reminded of the revised "Life of the Bee" which may be obtained at the General Board office for 15c per copy. Every Swarm should read this little book.

The Bee-Hive Committee wishes to express gratitude to the Bee-Keepers for the splendid accomplishments of the past year. Never before has Bee-Hive work been more enthusiastically undertaken by Bee-Hive girls and their leaders. We have been well pleased with the splendid Swarm Day exercises held in the many stakes in the Church, a few of which we are glad to give herewith.

Nymphs: Nymphs may participate in the summer work, but may not fill cells. They are considered Bee-Hive girls, but should not be permitted to fill cells until they have completed the Probationary Requirements and been enrolled as Builders in the Hive, in the

enrolled as Builders in the Hive, in the fall. If Nymphs join the older girls on hikes or outings of any kind, the responsibility should be with the par-

Stake Reports

COTTONWOOD STAKE

WE are a group of Bee-Hive girls of the Mill Creek Ward, Cottonwood Stake. We, with our two Bee-Keepers met in regular meeting of the Mutual Improvement Association last fall and organized our Swarm. As we were entering into an avenue of experience new to most of us, we were desirous of guidance and light that we might get the most out of our work. That we might have a smooth voyage and a safe landing when our Bee-Hive course was completed, we chose as our symbol the Lighthouse as a guide and a beacon to our vessel, and as its lights in the windows are ever saying "Come here, come here," we named our Swarm, "Co-Mer-A," meaning "come here to light and in-telligence."

We also chose the sunflower for our flower, because it is always looking



Bee-Hive Girls of Highland Park Ward, Granite Stake

toward the light and we are seeking to emulate its example.

Now that our lesson work is completed for the year, we feel that our hive is builded on a firm foundation and is ready for the storing of the honey we are soon to gather.

Besides the lesson work we have compiled some scrap books of which we are very proud. We have also had many interesting activities. We put on a pageant of spring in the ward and also featured an Easter party to which our mothers were invited.

The program was made up of cell filling by the girls, each one having one specific cell to fill. Bee-Keeper Ruth Liddle was in charge of the program.

The luncheon supervised by Bee-Keeper Mrs. J. A. Tolman, was also planned so that the girls might fill cells, such as making two kinds of salads. two kinds of cookies, etc.

We have enjoyed our work as Bee-Hive girls and are looking forward with anticipation to a continuation of it next year.

Co-Mer-A Swarm.

SALT LAKE STAKE BEE HIVE GIRLS CLEAN UP CAMPAIGN REPORT

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Ga	rage	es .			 	 	 	
Fr	ont	Y	ards		 	 	 	 4
Ba	ck `	Υa	rds		 	 	 	 4

Sheds	1
Fences repaired or removed	7
Assisted in removing brush, weeds	
or dead trees	10
Dug Dandelions	7
Painting:	
Woodwork and walls	13
Porches and steps	8
Floors	9
Planting:	
Flower Gardens	35

#### NORTHCENTRAL STATES MISSION

IN our Mutuals at Winnipeg, Canada, the Junior and Gleaner Girls have planned to devote the summer months to out-door recreation and have invited the Bee Hive girls to join them. The Bee Hive Girls from Winnipeg are taking an active interest in keeping up the little lawn in front of the Church. They have bought seeds and are planning a flower border to make it as attractive as possible. They helped to plan a cup and saucer shower in this Mutual last month. Five dozen cups and saucers were received and all had a splendid time. There were over seventy persons present.

On the 29th they had a "Hard Times" party. The proceeds from the party are to be given to the ward for decorating the rooms used at their meetings.

It is, indeed, a joy to see the young people responding to the call of the Mutuals and taking such pride in helping to keep their places of worship comfortable and attractive.

Ashlang Jacobsen, Mission Supervisor of Y. L. M. I. A.

### Bee-Hive Swarm Days South Sevier Stake

A T our swarm day, forty-seven girls were graduated, and each ward furnished numbers for the program. In the chorus contest, Elsinore Ward won. Monroe North Ward won the "loving cip" for attendance for the second time in succession. We feel that we have had a most successful season.—Tina M. Larsen, Stake Secy. Y. L. M. I. A.



Bee-Hive Girls of Star Valley Stake. Swarm Day, May 31, 1932, Afton, Wyoming

#### IDAHO FALLS STAKE

There were 275 interested people in attendance at our Swarm day gathering, upon which occasion 52 girls were graduated. In connection with the program of songs, dramatizations, pageants, essays, talks and demonstrations, a songfest was held, as well as contests and exhibits. It was most inspirational to see the girls take their parts. I have been in Bee-Hive work for twelve years, but I believe this was the most successful Swarm Day I have ever attended.—LaRue C. Rigby, Stake Bee-Keeper.

#### DESERET STAKE

We held the Deseret Stake Swarm Day at Oak City. Bee-Hive Girls from all over the stake and their mothers were there, also many ward presidents and their counselors. The girls contested with their hand work of the year, their symbol application, their Scrap-Books, and singing of their Bee-Hive song, "The Spirit of the Hive." Some very fine work was displayed and the Scrap-Books from all the wards were excellent. The girls fur-nished the program, which consisted of pageants, dramatizations, and music, depicting different forms of Bee-Hive work.

We had 48 graduates from Gatherers of Honey. Among them were Stake Y. L. M. I. A. president Sister Margaret Callister, her two counselors Pearl Jeffery, and Nina Anderson, and Secretary Elzina Dutson. We have held this winter a stake Bee-Hive Swarm consisting of all the Y. L. M. I. A. stake officers. The other officers will finish their work this summer and graduate this Fall.

We do appreciate the notes on Bee-Hive work in the Era. They are our guide and we always try to carry out the suggestions given. The Bee-Hive section is the first section we read when the magazine comes to us.

We wish you and all Bee-Hive workers success in this wonderful work

> Inez S. Moody, Zerma Jeffery, Deseret Stake Bee-Keepers.

#### SALT LAKE STAKE

The Bee-Hive Girls of Salt Lake Stake held a lovely Day of the Swarm, at which 71 girls received certificates of graduation from the Bee-Hive. Elaine Jorgenson of the 14th Ward won the contest pin for having the best Bee-Hive scrapbook. Pins were also awarded to Marian Nelson of the 16th Ward and Virginia Teerlink of the 17th Ward for their essays on wisdom. The program consisted of two one-act plays, musical numbers and talks, given by the Bee-Hive Girls of the various wards.

(Continued on page 694)

## Vanguards-

### Vanguard Archery and Vanball Finals

THE first Church-wide archery and vanball contests set standards that establish these sports on a high plane and insure their future success. The marks set in archery were well up to-

ward the best set in National competition. With such splendid performances in the first year of competition in the M. I. A. some real achievements are looked for in coming years. As a matter of information and record the official archery scores are published here.

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS-TARGET

	Leader		Ward		Division		Score	
1.	Gilbert Moss		S. L. 8th		Salt Lake		584	
2.	Conrad A. Jol	onson	Logan Troop	106	Cache		541	
3	Dean Green		S. L. 11th		Salt Lake		536	
	D. Milton Nar	ole	Bear River		Ogden		467	
	DeWorth Thor		Malad		Pocatello		334	
	George Clay		Bountiful 1st		Salt Lake		269	
	Kenneth Olsen		Provo 2nd		Timpanogos		136	
	CLOUT SHOOT (26 August at 120 mode)							

#### CLOUT SHOOT (36 Arrows at 120 yards)

Vanguards—			
	Ward	Division	Score
1. Philip Thompson	Bountiful 1st	Salt Lake	240
2. Elliott Airmet	Ensign	Salt Lake	238
3. Elton Larsen	Ensign	Salt Lake	236
4. Bob Wayman	Logan 2nd	Cache	184
5. Thain Carlisle	Logan 2nd	Cache	180
6. Vaughn Pond	Logan 2nd	Cache	170
7. George Sadder	Ogden 19th	Ogden	88
8. Ronald Wooley	Ogden 14th	Ogden	62
9. Clifford Weaver	Ogden 8th	Ogden	59
Leaders	_		
1. Gilbert Moss	S. I., 8th	Salt Lake	274
2. Dean Green	S. L. 11th	Salt Lake	238
3. Conrad A. Johnson	Logan Troop 106	Cache	192

	FLIGHT SHOOT		
Vanguards—			
	Ward	Division	Score
1. Wilson White	Grant	Salt Lake	233 yards
2. Clifford Weaver	Ogden 8th	Ogden	230 yards
3. Elton Larsen	Ensign	Salt Lake	199 yards
4. Russell Harris	Ogden 1st	Ogden	184 yards
5. Max Cook	Kaysville	Ogden	176 yards
6. Philip Thompson	Bountiful 1st	Salt Lake	170 yards
7. Max Anderson	Bear River	Bear River	150 yards
Leaders			
1. DeWorth Thomas	Malad	Malad	237 yards
2. Dean Green	S. L. 11th	Salt Lake	231 yards
3. Conrad Johnson	Logan Troop 106	Cache	228 yards

#### VANGUARD ARCHERY TEAMS

	Place	Division	Total Score
1.	Ensign Ward	Salt Lake Council	1987
	Logan 2nd Ward	Cache Valley	1639
	Provo 2nd Ward	Timpanogos	1278
	Bountiful 1st Ward	Salt Lake	1027
	Ogden 14th Ward	Ogden-Gateway	973
6.	Whittier Ward	Salt Lake	950
	Ogden 19th Ward	Ogden-Gateway	948
8.	Ogden 8th Ward	Ogden-Gateway	899
	Logan 4th Ward	Cache Valley	798
10.	Logan 9th Ward	Cache Valley	788
	Kaysville Ward	Ogden-Gateway	700
	Malad-St. John Ward	Pocatello	663
	INDIVIDUAL VA	NGUARD ARCHERSTARGET	

	INDIVIDUA	L VANGUARD	ARCHERS-TARGET	
	Vanguard	Ward	Division	Total Score
1.	Elliott Airmet	Ensign	Salt Lake	576
2.	Vaughn Pond	Logan 2nd	Cache	514
3.	Philip Thompson	Bountiful 1st	Salt Lake	511
4.	McKay Allred	Provo 2nd	Timpanogos	422
5.	Darreld Stokes	Bear River	Ogden-Gateway	394
6.	Wilson White	Cottonwood	Salt Lake	368
7.	George Saddler	Ogden 19th	Ogden-Gateway	297
8.	Ronald Wooley	Ogden 14th	Ogden-Gateway	261
9.	Bob Sweeten	Logan 4th	Cache	226
0.	Cole Sorensen	Logan 9th	Cache	211
1.	Clifford Weaver	Ogden 8th	Ogden-Gateway	199
	Dale Blazedale	Malad-St. John	Pocatello	151

## Boy Scouts-



Awarding Scoutmasters Key at Salt Lake Council Court of Honor

Left to right (in uniform) Clinton Larson, L. G. Fox, N. W. Davis, E. A. Evans, O. S. Walsh, W. A. Dunn, all Key Scoutmusters, Laurence Monson, E. B. Eldredge, Royal Stone and Albert Elvin, awarded keys at the court. Chester Thomas and William E. Nelson were unable to be present to receive their average.

## Salt Lake Council Holds Annual Court of Honor

A WARDING of Scoutmasters Keys was one of the outstanding features of the annual council court of honor of the Salt Lake Council held recently. Regular courts of honor are held monthly in the various districts but once a year all districts join in the great central court which is one of the high spots of the year's program. This year the gathering was held in the State Fair Stadium with spectators filling every seat and as many more unable to gain admittance.

The court was planned as a camping court. All features except the formalities connected with awards were demonstrations of camp activities. An Indian atmosphere, in keeping with the two-year Indian war bonnet plan of the council pervaded the huge structure. An Indian medicine man conducted a magic fire-lighting ceremony which was followed by the spectacular war bonnet parade in which all troops participated. The ranking scout in each troop wore the official Indian head dress. Nearly twelve hundred scouts took part in the program.

## Eastern Idaho Scouts Hold Great Camp

FIVE thousand persons participated in one of the most successful camps held by scouts in many years at Fort Hall Indian Reservation in connection with the erection of a monument at that place by the Eastern Idaho Area Council. Scout Executives of three adjoining councils participated and representatives of five councils in all joined in the program.

The occasion was the erection and dedication of a monument to Na-



Scout Monument being erected at Fort Hall.

thaniel Wyeth, a scout of the early days of the West who established historic Fort Hall in 1834 on the banks of the Snake river fourteen miles west of the reservation. This fort later became an important station on the Old Oregon Trail and also played a part in the pioneering of the intermountain region until it was abandoned in 1855 on account of Indian troubles.

on account of Indian troubles.

The Old Oregon Trail extends along the entire length of the Eastern Idaho Area Council and troops from all sections brought stones collected along the historic old highway to place in the monument. In all about two thousand stones were gathered. Indians from the reservation, Shoshones and Bannocks, joined in the campfire ceremonies and the following day watched in silence the building of a monument to the scouts of the early

During the proceedings Scout Excective David C. Watkins was made an honorary member of the Indian tribe and given the name of "Tighoyad" which means lone scout. General Superintendent George Albert Smith, in his capacity as President of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks association which assisted in providing the monument was Master of Ceremonies. Nearly 1800 scouts and officials camped over night on the reservation.

### Cache Valley Launches Scout Drive

PRESIDENT Walter M. Everton of the Cache Stake Presidency, who is assigned to Aaronic Priesthood work and is also an Official of the Local Council has launched a campaign to bring a minimum of 90 per cent of all the boys of Cache Valley into Scouting. In a statement recently published, President Everton makes this effective appeal:

LOOK TOWARD THE FUTURE

By W. M. Everton

THE writer of this article is interested in boys, especially in the boys of Cache Valley. We think it very important that we look to the future and consider what kind of men our boys will make. The present system of rearing boys in America is producing many thousands of youthful criminals. There is a shocking lack of respect for law among our young men, and it is easy to discover



Cache Valley Council Troop at Scout Encampment at Fort Hall

that the hoodlum gang of ten years ago has produced racketeers, burglars, and bootleggers. We have records to prove that the Scott troops of ten years ago have produced men who are morally straight, physically fit, and mentally awake. Cache Valley leads the nation in scotting, and still there are more than thirty percent of our boys who are not in scouting. During the next year it is believed that the scouters of Cache Valley will work harder than they ever have worked before to bring into our organization these boys who have not yet been brought in. In some sections more than ninety percent of the boys are already in, and we believe that with a united effort we can take in more than ninety percent in all sections of the valley. This is an appeal to every right-minded citizen in Cache Valley to assist in this move. If you know a boy who is not a Scout, use your influence to get him to join. If you know a boy who is in scouting, encourage him to continue with it. Let it not be said that any boy in Cache Valley has become a criminal because of lack of interest on the part of his friends and neighbors in putting him under the influence of good men and a good program to develop him in his youth. If your boy is not a scout, go to the scout officials in your district and talk to them. Perhaps they can help you in bringing him in.

## A Bee-Hive Girls

Continued from page 692

BOISE STAKE

At our Swarm Day we had one hundred per cent attendance (the Bee-Keeper and all the girls) from six out of the eight wards doing Bee-Hive work. They all seemed delighted with their work and very interested in what the other wards were doing, were over two hundred people there to witness the contests and program.

The contest in writing papers on the Life of the Bee was well responded There was a lot of study and work on each paper and they all were wonderful.

Our Scrap Book display was better than any previous year since I have been in this Stake.

We are very sincere in our efforts to bring every girl of Bee-Hive age into the M. I. A. and feel that we are nearer the goal each year.—Veda W. Green, Boise Stake Bee-Keeper.

A MAIDEN to a Lily" was used as a part of a pageant for Bee-Hive Girls of the Swiss-German Mission, in 1930. Of course, this pageant as finished and presented was in the German language. However, in the writing of the pageant I found it more feasible to write certain of the passages at first in English, and then with the help of my German collaborator, to translate them into the German language. The poem, "A Maiden to a Lily," is one of the fragments that was so composed. It has never been published in English.

#### A Maiden to a Lilv

A LOVELY thing you are, White Unblemished, spotless, pure and graceful; An inspiration and a joy To all who see you; Wearing all the richness that is nature's. And crowning all An air of most becoming modesty,

A lovely thing you are, White Flower; Exquisite and fragrant; Fresh as the break of morning, Fair as the gleam of sunshine, Cool as the kiss of evening. Pale symbol of purity, Sweet harmony of nature, Glorious in your unaffected splendor, And quick'ning hearts Of all who pass your way.

O may I be as you, White Flower! Symbol of all that is good and true; Pure as you, and beautiful, With beauty that is born of artlessness And deep humility.

O may I be as you! A flower in the garden of creation; Unfolding at the rays of heav'nly wisdom As you respond to kisses of the sun, Spending noble influence As you diffuse sweet fragrance on the air, Refreshing lives of others As you delight the hearts of all about you. And may I keep myself unspotted from

the world, Fresh and pure as you, and never fail To turn to God for guidance, just as you Are wont to turn your honeyed chalice To the sun.

-Ames K. Bagley.



## There's Fun in Fishing

(See if you can catch these fish and win a book)

BOY SCOUTS and Bee Hive Girls, here is your chance to fish and to catch something worth while. Johnny Jones shown fishing here in this picture has discovered that if he catches all of the fish in the brook and hangs them on a line in proper order that they will form words. You can do that, too.

If you think you'd like this kind of

fishing, follow the rules:

1. Hang all of the fish on a line in such a way that they will spell any number of words without having any letters left over. Repeat this process as often as you can without using the same words in any two strings.

2. Read this number of The Improvement Era and select the poem, article, or story you like best and write a short letter-not to exceed two hundred words-telling why you like it. Use one side of the paper and use ink or a typewriter.

3. Have your strings of fish, accompanied by your letter in The Improvement Era office by October 1. No contribution bearing a later postmark than September 30 will be included.

4. Address your material to The Fishing Contest Editor, The Improve-ment Era, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

5. To the Boy Scout and to the Bee Hive Girl who has the most strings of fish and writes the most interesting letter, The Improvement Era will send his and her choice of the Reading Course books.

Get out the old fish line and get

406 Church Office Building

Salt I aka City I Itah

## A Seniors—Continued from page 687

a discussion on any subject most appealing to the class. Usually this attached to leading news events of the past week, or to outstanding magazine articles.

Class Interest: The fact that, during 22 weeks, 109 persons were attracted to the class is gratifying; but the sustained interest of the more regular attendants is a pleasant memory which I shall always cherish. Not only did the class display a lively interest in the subjects discussed but they participated freely in the discussion, and frequently suggested topics to be discussed. Sometimes the discussions would last long beyond the prescribed time limit, on a few occasions they extended as much as an hour beyond the limit.

The Activity Program: Usually class interest in discussion was so keen as to preclude activity work. As one young mother put it. "I hire a neighbor to stay with my babies while I attend this class, and I don't want to spend time on anything other than a discussion of problems affecting me and my home."

Sometimes we would arrange for a retold story, or some similar variation to our evening's discussion, but discussion constituted by far the greater part of our program, and it continued with little interruption through both the first and second period, and, as already indicated, sometimes beyond the second period, although we usually dismissed in time to participate in the closing exercises of the mutual.

#### RECOMMENDATIONS

In light of my experience as a ward and stake worker in M. I. A. adult classes during the last 11 years—in three different stakes, and five different wards—I can freely state that the class work I have just completed is by far the most satisfactory of any ever before undertaken. I commend this type of class to any "inside" ward. For "outside" wards I would suggest that type of class used during the winter in North Logan. It is particularly well suited to rural wards.

Either type of class of course, depends for its success, first, upon the subject matter and, second, upon class leadership.

The subject matter, I believe, should have a strong appeal to local interests as influenced and modified by general economic and social conditions.

Leadership is a more difficult problem, but I am confident it can be found.

I encouraged some members of other wards to attend my class and these people are available as potential class leaders for next year if it were decided to extend this type of class work.

### 

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## A Educators and Prohibition-

Germans and Slavs—many of whom, owing to their relatively high earnings in this country, found themselves able for the first time to indulge freely in alcoholic pleasures.

'Another momentous thing happened-a profound change in the system for supplying drink. The catering of liquor became commercialized. It came to be a 'big business' intent on profits-always more profits. From being shrinking and apologetic, it became brazen and aggressive. It no longer pleaded humbly for leave to assuage existing thirsts. In order to 'promote business' it deliberately and methodically set itself to create new thirst. It advertised, gave away samples, subsidized convivial organiza-tions, encouraged festal customs of a 'damp' character, planted saloons in new places, and brought them into close partnership with the great social plagues, gambling and prostitution. In olden time alcoholic beverages were no more 'pushed' than hen's eggs are 'pushed.' But as production and distribution were centralized the business grew more capitalistic, the saloonkeeper came to be the brewer's man, while systematic efforts were made to 'shove' liquor, especially beer. Between 1880 and 1907 the annual per capita consumption of all liquors in this country rose from ten gallons to nearly twenty-three gallons.

"A long and variegated experience with attempts to regulate the liquor traffic showed that it was incapable of being made decent and law-abiding. It would respect no law, heed no warnings or protests. Always it was secretly digging under or insolently breaking over any bounds the com-munity set to it. So, not out of a sour resentment of other people's pleasures but out of bitter experience with an unmitigated social evil came the great sentiment for destroying it, 'root and branch.' When parents and other earnest people realized that here was a sinister thing doing its utmost to ensnare our boys and ravel out the fabric of sound principles and good resolutions which home and school and church had been at such pains to weave into the soul of youth, they hardened their hearts and struck it down.'

MY own experience harmonizes entirely with the opinions expressed by other educators. While I realize that at the present time there are some very bad situations which make all feel bad who are interested in the welfare of mankind, I am thoroughly convinced that the situation is very much improved over pre-prohibition days.

It has been my good fortune to travel extensively over the coun-

try during the past twenty years. In saloon days I never went into any large American town or city without seeing intoxication, and everywhere loafers were about the saloons and there were evidences of misery growing out of too much drinking. Recently I made a trip around the country, traveling constantly for three weeks. In that time I saw but two intoxicated persons, although I was always on the alert. Two or three years ago I was in San Francisco on the Fourth of July when there was a great celebration. Throughout most of the day and until late at night I was on the streets and in the crowds. During this entire time, I saw not a single intoxicated person. In the old saloon days in San Francisco, I scarcely ever walked a block without seeing a drunk.

There are some people who try to make us believe that Canada with its government control has the ideal system. For twenty years l have been back and forth into Canada frequently, and I now find that their situation is much like ours was in the days of the saloon. I have not been in any Canadian city for a day without seeing many intoxicated persons.

During the last three years I have traveled extensively throughout the world. In this time I have been around the world once and nearly around twice more. I have had an opportunity to observe the conditions in countries where there is every degree of restraint on the liquor traffic from being absolutely wide open to an attempt at complete prohibition such as we have in this country. After carefully studying the temperance situation during this one hundred thousand miles of travel, I am more thoroughly convinced than ever of the value of prohibition.

LAST autumn, following a number of months in Europe, a group of us returned to this country and after a week in the large cities of the East one of us remarked as we were returning to our hotel late one night that since returning to America we had not seen a single intoxicated person, whereas we had scarcely ever been an hour in a European city without seeing many drunken people. Just after this remark was made.

however, we met a man staggering along the sidewalk. I suppose this was the one exception that proved the rule.

In my travels I have had fine opportunity for man-to-man talk with other travelers, and I have come in contact with many of the paid propagandists of the liquor interests. From them I have learned many things that have made me wary about trusting the subsidized public opinion which is being aroused against prohibition.

You may be interested in a contact I had about three years ago in the island of Ceylon. I was staying at the great Gallt Face Hotel on the beach near the city of Colombo. It was New Year's eve. Most of the guests of the hotel were in the dining room at a special dinner provided by the notel for those who wished to see the old year out and the new one in. At this hotel permanent tables were assigned to the guests, and for a number of days I had conversed pleasantly with those who sat at my table. I felt pretty well acquainted with them, but knew nothing of their personal affairs. On this New Year's eve, however, we became more confidential. Each of us told of his work and expressed something of his philosophy. One of the men with whom I was best acquainted said that he represented one of the great tobacco trusts as a buyer. He told of the large increase in the use of tobacco, since the World War and particularly with the introduction of smoking among women. We asked his opinion of the outcome of this great increase in the use of tobacco. He expressed the belief that for a number of years the use of tobacco would be very greatly augmented but that eventually mankind would see its harmful effects and ultimately discontinue its use entirely.

ONE of the guests at our table who had spoken but little finally said, "I suppose it is now my turn to tell about myself, although I hesitate. I am a representative of the whiskey trust which controls most of the whiskey of the world. I am now on my way to Australia to complete arrangements to bring under our control the few outstanding dis-

tillers." He then told us something of the business. He said that when he was employed by Lord \_\_\_\_\_, head of the organization, he was given this injunc-tion: "Be like a good doctor and do not take much of your own medicine. I never drink at all." He then told us that he had a family of young children and that in order to protect them he was planning eventually to move to the United States so that his children could be brought up under prohibition. Someone at table asked if he did not know that drinking was worse in the United States than in England. He replied that such nonsense could not be stuffed down his throat. He said that his organization has exact figures of consumption and that in spite of all the talk the United States government is gradually getting a strangle hold on liquor smuggling. He said that in any case he was determined to rear his children in a country where prohibition is in force. Evidently he knew the effect of his wares.

For a number of years I have been hunting for a good argument to be advanced by the opponents of prohibition; as yet I have failed to find one. Until I do, I know which side of the question is going to receive my vigorous support.

We have several splendid homes where girls can work for their board and room while attending the L. D. S. Business College-write us for full particulars. L. D. S. Business College, 80 No. Main

True Charity

I JNIVERSAL amnesty for crime may serve to increase crime. God's system of benevolence, which comprises and exceeds all that we call charity, consists in helping sinners to help themselves. Indiscriminate giving fosters pauperism in both the temporal and the spiritual sense.—James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve.

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## A The Purple Pitcher-

the paper and ripped it across, and threw it on the ground. "The fools!" he roared.

"The fools!" he roared.
"They're determined to wreck us.
I've told Sam Foley to cut that
stuff out! There are no one man
ball teams!"

That game was a great duel. Chief Kanosh, a full-blooded Indian, was hurling for the Wolverenes. He had the speed and craftiness and cunning for which his race is famous. Opposed to him was smiling Gordy Beckwith—tall, bronzed, wiry, cool.

Gordy that day was marvelous, is control was perfect and his judgment faultless. He passed the most dangerous Wolverene stickers and struck out the weaker ones. The stands were wild.

The ninth inning found us with one lone tally and the Wolverenes with none. The kid had not allowed a single hit, but he had passed several of the famous "four hundred" stickers on to the bases only to annul their efforts by striking out the succeeding batters or making them pop out to some of us infielders.

THE battle seemed sewed up when we went out for the last inning. Gordy found the blind spot in the eyes of the first two batters and sent them back to the bench after three futile swings each. They were followed by two of the leading batters in the league.

The stands roared as the first of the two faced the smiling pitcher. Gordy worked calmly. Three strikes and the game would be won and the Jays would be a little closer to the covered flag.

little closer to the coveted flag. Four balls. The man took first and the second batter, more formidable than the first, took up a bat and stepped into the box. Now a good healthy swing and the Jays would be beaten. I looked over to where old Coach Bob was signaling for Gordy to pass the batter.

That gave the Wolverenes two men on bases. Two men down and the last inning! The Jays one

run in the lead.

Little Terry Clinger was the next batter. Gordy had forced him to pop out every time he had come to the bat. I knew before Beckwith wound up just what sort of balls Terry would have to strike at. Gordy was a master of a "slow

motion" ball that never whirled at all. It always seemed easy to hit, but it had a deceivingly slow pace. The batter usually fouled or popped up a high fly.

The first ball thrown to Terry Clinger was a fast one. It went like a bullet and for some reason big Abe Howard, the catcher, dropped it. The two Wolverenes went down a base, the one reaching third only split seconds ahead of the ball. Now the situation was dangerous. Even a scratch hit would mean two scores and defeat.

I looked apprehensively at Gordy, but that young man was the coolest customer on the dia-

mond

He wound up and threw. It was the "slow motion" offering. I could tell that ball in the dark.

TERRY CLINGER swung with all his might. There was a dull thud as hickory met horsehide. The ball hopped easily across the diamond just beyond Gordy's reach. The Wolverene on third thundered down the home stretch followed by his teammate who was stepping on his heels.

I grinned. It would be an easy out. A blind man playing baseball in the dark could handle that one, let alone Jack Despain. And then the unbelievable happened.

The ball which seemed eager to leap into Jack's waiting hands, dodged between his legs and rolled out into the short right field.

The Wolverenes had won by one score.

The Jays had cracked up for

When we were gathering up our outfit, Beckwith said to old Bob:

"Sorry about that. I passed the heavy stickers thinking I could either pick off that last one or make him pop up an infielder."

Some pitchers would a yelled their heads off because Jack Despain didn't gather that easy one in, but Gordy was different.

"It's all right, kid," old Bob said, but I knew he was hurt clean through.

And he wasn't suffering because he had lost a game. Old Bob could take losses with the most of them.

I thought he'd certainly make a howl to Despain, but he didn't. He said: "Too hot for you, wasn't it?"

I couldn't detect the least bit of sarcasm in his voice, but Despain turned red and picked up his glove and shouldered out towards the

The next morning I was down at the Pike's Peak Garage where Despain worked when Old Bob came around. Despain was lining a brake as the Coach came in. knew the old man had a lot on his chest, and so, also did Despain.

NEITHER of us said a word. Old Bob said something about the hot day, but I guess he discovered that he wasn't going to get any help from us so, he cuts

"Despain," said he, "dropped around to see just what was on that ball when it got between your legs that way—the legs of the best second baseman in the league?"

"Been expecting that question," Jack answered in a voice that sounded like a three cornered file cutting a triangular hole in a piece of sheet iron. He dropped his hammer and went into the office. In a minute he was out again with the Gazette in his black fists. He spread the paper out on the work bench and stuck his smutty finger on the nose of a half page picture of Gordy Beckwith. "That's what was on the ball," he said.

Old Bob looked down at the picture and then at Jack.

'Just what do you mean?" he asked.

'I mean that I've stood for a one man team long enough. It's always Gordon Beckwith that does things on our team. If we win, he is responsible; if we lose, why then some of the other Jays pull a boner like mine yesterday. In one case he's a hero; in the other he's a martyr. I thought I'd let him play the role of martyr this

"Beckwith didn't write this, did he?" the old Coach asked.

"Of course he didn't, but he clips them all, you can bet on that."

"Bish," he said, "how do you feel about it?

"I feel a little like Jack," says I, "although I can't say that I blame Beckwith for it. Gazette certainly forgets the rest of us right along, but I've always tried to play ball just the same." "And so have I," Jack spoke up,

"But it's gone too far. I'll quit

baseball before I'll keep on like this."

HE picked up his hammer and started after the brakelining as much as to say the interview was over. Old Coach Bob said no more. He walked out of the shop and I followed, leaving Jack to hammer it out on a bit of asbestos.

"Those kid reporters — hero worshippers - they make team work almost impossible, especially when you have temperamental birds like Jack Despain in the out-

"They sure do," said I, just to make conversation. "Why don't you go down and tell 'em to lay off Beckwith awhile?"

"I have," said Coach Bob. "It doesn't do a bit of good."

He stopped and faced me. "Bish, how would we make it without Gordy Beckwith?"

The best man on the team by

"I don't know," says I. "He's a mighty good man-best man in the league.

'I know it, but if the Jays can't team with him, he's the worst man in the league for us. How do you think we'll go without him."

"I don't know," I said. got along without him once; we can again I guess, but we'll never see any pennant this year. If you're thinking of Despain, why don't you take him up, and let him go? We can win the pennant without

him."
"That's just it, I am thinking of Despain," Old Bob said, "but I'm not thinking much of the pennant." He laid his hand on my shoulder. "Bish. we're not playing ball for pennants-for mere empty victories-we're playing it You've known that for men. right along-I've told you. pennant in the possession of the Jays with Jack Despain out somewhere drunk or gambling would be a mighty empty thing; but a cellar position with Jack in playing as he has most of the summer and living as he has and with the rest of the boys working and pulling together would be sweet victory to me.

"But it wouldn't work that way with the Chamber of Commerce, I said, "They want victory."

"Hang the Chamber of Commerce," Old Bob snorted. "They

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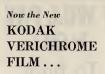
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about the best team in the league; the biggest payroll in the state; the best town in the world in which to live, and yet they'd bring in Satan himself to play baseball if Old Nick could give 'em a victory, even if he took the whole nine back to Hades with him at the close of the season. We're not paying much attention to the Chamber of Commerce. No. Gordy Beckwith must go 'till Despain and you and the others get over feeling as you do. The kid can't help it that he's just oozing out with baseballitis. The reporters would play him up and jealousy would break up our team work, if he was playing pigtail.'

WAS certainly feeling blue when we found Gordy Beckwith. He was at the Hotel where he had a part time job as clerk during the baseball season. The Old Man had asked me to go along with him.

Gordy was all smiles when we walked in. Despain had been a stormy day, but Gordy was a June morning. You just couldn't help but love him. He was sunshine and spring water and everything else wholesome clean through.

When Old Bob broke the news to him, the kid was paralyzed. "But why?" he finally asked—

"But why?" he finally asked—the question Old Bob had been fearing.

The Coach fished out the paper he had shoved in his pocket in the garage; he spread it out on the hotel counter, and pointed at the picture and write-up.

"Beckwith won the game—the team lost it—the infield was rotten—the second baseman blew up." Old Bob read snatches through the story. "Gordon Beckwith was a martyr esterday—a martyr to noor backing."

martyr to poor backing."
"But I didn't write that,"
Gordy cried. "I'm not responsible
for what Foley puts in that sheet."

"Perhaps not," the Coach said,
"but it's been there paper after
paper. The Pinedale Jays is a
baseball team made up of nine
players and a few extras. It is no
one man show."

"I didn't ask for the job pitching: in fact, I haven't asked for a thing. I'd a been mighty happy there in right field. Fielding's my game anyhow. Put me back there."

"No, it's settled," Coach Bob said. He reached in his pocket and brought out two twenty dollar bills. "Here's a bonus and I have farmed you out on call with the Owyhee County Badgers. You can just leave your suit here at the hotel—or take it with you if you'd like to keep it." Old Bob turned and made a beeline for the door.

GORDY and I stood with mouth open looking after him.

The Jays were a different outfit after that. I must say that the team work was better, but the nerve, the fire, the genius had left the outfit.

Jack Despain worked like a hero, I'll give him credit for that. Second base was air tight from that day forward—never the slightest error and fielding that was superb, but that five hundred hickory stick was absent and that smile was gone. You know I came to believe a lot in smiles, in those days that Beckwith was with us.

The Jays played good ball, but they couldn't quite keep up the pace. They slipped back into third and seemed destined to go down another notch. Old Coach Bob, however, was happy. The team was clicking again, and that was harmony to his soul.

But at the Chamber of Commerce matters were quite different. Those gentlemen were calling—yelling, in fact,—for victory. They panned Old Bob up one side and down the other for letting Gordy Beckwith go, but he paid little attention to them.

But Jack Despain finally became

desperate.
"Bish," he said to me one day,
"we're going to land in the lower
division unless we can stop this
skid. I was a fool—a jealous fool.
I guess Gordy had the newspaper
notices coming to him—never
realized quite so much as now what
a really great player the kid is. I'm
at the position where I'd like him
back if he hogged every line that
the Gazette has for sports."

"His going did make a hole, it seems," I said, rather non-com-

"Wonder if we couldn't get him back? He is still eligible, ain't he?"

My heart gave a hop. Of course Gordy was still eligible.

"Let's send for him for this game with the Wolverenes Saturday." "Why not?" I shouted. "How can we without letting

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the old man know?" Jack asked. "I'd like to surprise him—I think that's the only way we could do it anyhow."

WELL we got our noodles to working and soon we had figured out a plan. Coach Bob was very near-sighted and had to use binoculars in watching the play of the outfield and even that of second and short. We thought maybe we could use that defect in springing a surprise on the Coach.

That night we wrote to Gordy asking him to come down for the game Saturday and to bring his suit. Now it happened that there was a big leaguer who had farmed out to a league that sometimes clashed with ours. He had strained a muscle or something, but he was plenty good for all that. He had come into the league with a purple suit which he always wore and that gave him the name of the Purple Pitcher.

Jack and I waited on old Coach Bob one day and suggested that we engage the Purple Pitcher for our game with the Wolverenes. We had the right to go outside of the team twice each season for a special pitcher for a special occasion. This we argued, was a special occasion and we still had not used an outside pitcher yet.

Old Bob was much perturbed about it, but he finally gave in. Jack and I said we'd make all the

arrangements.

On the Saturday of the game we met Gordy early and told him our plan. He was to represent the Purple Pitcher and to keep mighty scarce until game time. We had a suit ready for him and a little Charley moustache which he was to paste on. He was to be used only if our own pitchers got into trouble. It was up to us to win that game from the Wolverenes or else all hope of a pennant would be gone.

The game got started with Gordy tucked away among the kids. He wore his Charley moustache, and a pair of smoked glasses completed a disguise which would make most of his team mates pass him by without recognizing him.

The Pinedale Gazette, as usual, came out, with a big wail about the absence of Gordy Beckwith, but with his appearance up our sleeves both Jack and I got a great kick out of it. We showed it to old Coach Bob.

"We'll show 'em that the Jays are a nine man outfit," said he.

The Wolverenes were on their toes and in the first inning drove across two runs, but we came right back and matched them our half of the first. In the first of the second the Wolverenes made three tallies. We rallied in our inning and filled the bases, but we didn't have the drive to send anybody over the home plate.

Old Coach Bob was grim as the third followed the second and the fourth the third with the Wolverenes three in the lead. Then in the

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fourth those wolves hopped on to our pitcher and beat him to cover, filling the bases with no man out.

The Old Coach rushed in his only reserve hurler to stem the tide. It was a hard assignment, but the boy pitched superbly and allowed only two hits, but they meant three

"Where is that Purple Pitcher,"

Old Bob stormed.

Despain winked at me and jerked his head toward the kidbleachers.
"Bish," said he, "better go and

see if he has arrived yet.' I signalled to Gordy and he beat

it for the club-house to dress. We didn't make a tally in our

half and I was worried pink waiting for Gordy. Huck Meyers seemed a way off. He walked his first man and beaned the second. The third man up hit a nice long sacrifice fly that advanced the runner a base, putting one on third and the other on second with only one man out.

Old Coach Bob rose from his seat and shouted something at me. I couldn't hear, but I knew that he was asking about the Purple

Pitcher.

Huck wound up. It was a ball too wide. He wound up again -another ball too high. He was plumb off. He threw again-the third ball and no strike.

At that moment I saw a purple clad athlete pushing through the

"Hold up the game," I shouted to Jack. "There comes the Purple Pitcher, after all."

But before Jack could get the umpire's attention, Huck had thrown his fourth ball and the batter was ordered to take his base.

AT that moment the crowd that had been calling for him suddenly saw the Purple Pitcher. I know the roofing rose a foot on the old grandstand.

Huck threw his glove down and trotted for the dugout. Jack Despain ran in and met Gordy before old Coach Bob got to him and led him out into the diamond.

As Gordy picked up the ball and glanced around at the bases, I found myself shaking like a leaf. Here was the kid back again, the same old smile ripping his tanned face from ear to ear. I thought sure even a blind man would recognize him, Charley or no Charley, before he put over his first ball.

The kid was in a tight place-the bases filled and only one man out and the Wolverenes batting like a bunch of crazy cannibals.

The Wolverenes stood back while Gordy warmed up a little from the box. As the first ball whipped down the lane, Pete Daines let out a yell which Jack Despain and I took up. Suddenly the Jays were on their toes as they had not been since Gordy leftnearly five weeks.

I am sure not one suspected the hoax-except the umpire. We had to tell him to be sure Gordy wouldn't be ruled out after the game was over. Everybody thought he was watching the Purple Pitcher, crack right hander from the Boston Braves, and they cheered

accordingly.

"Play ball," the umps Howled. A Wolverene stepped to the batter's box. I saw Pete Daines signal for a fast one, a bit high and close up-just under the chin. That superb body now in the fanciest purple suit Jack and I could find whipped back. One hundred eighty pounds of steel was behind the horsehide as it hopped over the plate with a discouraging break-high, close up under the

chin, but not too high.
"Strike one!" the Umps sang out, and everybody knew that a battle was on-an outfit that had already lost was determined to win.

GORDY seemed so at home out there that I couldn't believe he had been gone. Methodically he worked, varying his speed, scrambling his curves, but with the ball always in perfect control.

His first batter struck out. The same little Wolverene who had batted that ball which had been fatal to Gordy before, stepped up to the bat. Gordy looked around his bases in the way he had.

"Are you there, Jack?" he chor-

"Let him lay the wood on it and see."

"Okay, old man!" Gordy answered, his voice triumphant.

His long arm whipped backthat flexible spine sprang forward. The ball that should have been fast, according to the motion, was slow-"slow motion"- for certain. I fancied I could see every seam in the old horsehide as it floated up to the plate like a bit of thistle-down.

The Little 'un whaled away.

This time he caught it fair. The ball was changed into a whistling bullet as it ripped past Gordy's knees only to strike the ground at Despain's feet.

Down the home stretch raced the same old Wolverene who had done it the time before when Jack let the ball pass and on his heels was his mate. I moaned, but too soon.

Jack had the ball-dug it out of the gravel, he did, and whipped it over to me before the Little 'un had fairly got started.

'There it is, Bish, I handled it;

let's see you do it."
I did. The side was retired.

In that inning two of us managed to get on the bases and Gordy brought us in with a home run that sailed high over the east fence.

 ${
m BUT}$  if old Coach Bob knew him he didn't let on. We hammered at that Wolverene pitcher; we fielded like Ruth in the fields of Boaz gleanin' everything that came our way; and we hammered across the plate enough times to give us a ten to seven lead at the close of the ninth inning.

As we trotted into the bench after the last inning, Coach Bob

was waiting for us.

"Mr.—Purple Pitcher—he said, you pitched a superb game todayone of the best I ever saw, but I want you to know that it was team work that won-exalted team work-nine men working with the heart of one.

Gordy removed the blue glasses which he always put on between innings while he was on the bench.

His contagious smile slit his desert tanned face again.

'Thanks," he said simply.

Coach Bob turned to the Gazette reporter. "Gordon Beckwith is back and the Jays of Pinedale are on a cake walk after that pennant. You can put that in your yellow sheet.'

"You know me then, do you, Coach?" Gordy expressed surprise.

'Know you, son? I had my glasses on you when you cut loose that floater. I settled back right then. I knew this game was ours.

 $A \scriptscriptstyle{\mathrm{T}}$  that moment Jack

Despain broke in.

Gordy, I got a matter to make right with you. My jealousy drove you off the team. I'm sorry.

He held out his hand.

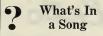
"Your generosity brought me back," Gordy answered.

The next morning I stepped around to the garage early. Jack was just opening the Gazette. He spread it out on the work-bench. An eight column headline and a full page length picture of Gordon Beckwith glared up at him.

Beckwith Rescues Jays; Will Lead Them To Pennant," he read. I waited.

"He did just that," Jack admitted. "Bish, wasn't he great?"

"Yes," said I, a little hoarse on account of a frog in my throat, "but I know another that was great, too.



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"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a great wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not."-Francis Bacon. (1561-1626)

#### OUR POETRY AGAIN

I zine—whether the stuff is good or, in my opinion, not so good," writes a lady from Rexburg, Idaho. "I hope you plan to continue it in spite of some rather caustic comments."

Certainly we plan to continue our poetry page. We be-lieve that "the poets are prophets," and we'd like to do our share toward developing poetry among our people. After all, much of our poetry is not so bad.

In order to increase production and care in writing poetry we are planning to offer prizes for the best poems published in our next volume beginning in November. Watch for the announcements.

The fishing season for Boy Scouts and Bee Hive girls is not over! See page 694 and catch something of more lasting worth than even a native mountain trout.

#### 1 1 1 FROM DOWN ARIZONA WAY

JUST finished reading through another Era. Kindly per-

mit some frank opinions.

We are glad to gain information about Church leaders and "Greatness in Men" supplies some of it. But these articles are stuffed with elaboration and unnecessary words.

"Your fiction illustrations easily lead one to believe he is turning the pages of a cheap story magazine, and frequently the wholesome L. D. S. standard of modesty is lost by the

illustrator. Era fiction is not cheap.

"As we cannot all read "World's Work," "Forum,"
"Atlantic Monthly," etc., a valuable service is given in
"Glancing Through."
"We enter protest against having "Glancing Through"

crowded out.'

Long grow the Era."

We welcome frank opinions. "Glancing Through" will return again soon.

October and the semi-annual conference will soon be here. Those who are particular about hotel accommodations should get their reservations in soon. It costs no more to stay where you like to stay if you speak in time.

#### 1 1 1 THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS

SUMMER time is snap-shot time! We hope camera fans are as busy as squirrels laying by sweet memories of summer to be enjoyed during cold winter days and—to be sent in to the *Improvement Era* "Why Not Shoot Contest" announced on page 579 of the July issue.

1 1 Now is the time to get started on the Reading Course See what book is recommended for your department and be the first in your class to finish it.

#### 1 1 1 THOSE MISSIONARY PENMEN!

A CROSS the seven seas—or are there more than seven in these days—the maps have been so changed that one can hardly depend even upon the seas-have come some examples of missionary penmanship in answer to the challenge of the Improvement Era (See the May Issue). A glistening pile of Oregon Trail Half Dollars is waiting to go out to the boys who had the courage to try for them. We just knew the elders would take up a dare like ours. and we'll announce the winners on this page next month and, what will be more interesting, we'll show their handwriting. We had one of the best penmen in the country act as judge without knowing whose penmanship he was

judging. In order to prove that he ought to know good penmanship when he sees it, we are also going to publish a bit of his own.

The M. I. A., according to interesting notes in the various departments, is rendering an unusual service to members of the Church in all the world. To be out of the Mutual is to be just out-that's all.

#### 1 1 1 A COMMENT FROM CANADA

I NOTE in the August number of the Era you are having an article on the prohibition question by Dr. F. S. Harris and another on Government Control in Canada by F. C. Steele, of Lethbridge—both of which should furnish interesting reading." We can't quote all of the Canadian gentleman's letter on account of lack of space, but here are two other sentences: "Our government sells a person a license to purchase the liquor from their vendors in as large a quantity as he is able to pay for, makes a profit on the liquor, boasts of the profit they make each year from sale of liquor and then fines the man for getting drunk. There is no such thing as government control of liquor." The same writer quotes from statistics he had on hand: "Do you know that commitments to Alberta jails in 1923 were 1.111; that commitments to Alberta jails in 1930 were 3,512? Do you know that; the population of Alberta is 3,512? Do you know that: the population of Alberta is 725,000 and that when we send 3,512 people to jail in one year it means that just a fraction under 5 of every

1.000 have spent time in jail: that I out of every 200 citizens spent time in jail in 1930?

Do You Know: That in the past few years two new units have been added to the Provincial jail at Fort Sas-katchewan and that Lethbridge jail has been greatly en-

larged?

Do You Know: That if the money spent for beer were spent in purchasing household necessities manufactured in Alberta that work would be provided for five men for every man employed in making or serving beer?

Do You Know: That there were 113 suicides in 1930? That this is double the number for any year when there was

no beer room. In 1918 there were 58.

Do You Know: That there were 22 murders in Alberta Do You Know: 1 hat there were 22 muraers in Ainerta in 1930 and 151 divorces? That there were 984 convictions for drunkenness in 1930—427 for drunk and disorderly conduct, and 55 for drving a car while intoxicated; that there were 128 convictions for illegal sale; 649 for illegal possession; 99 for illegal consumption, 39 for selling to minors; 39 for selling to interdicts and a number of other miscellaneous convictions which brought the total under the present liquor regime to 1,955 for 1930?

Judging from those figures Canada must be having her troubles also.

#### 1 1 1 OUR CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH

NEARLY all of our contributors for this month are comparatively well known to *Improvement Era* readers. Among those who are not so well known are: Imogene Warder, a young lady of Peru, Indiana, who has contributed travel articles to several magazines: Dr. F. F. Sedgwick Marryn, a former minister and free-lance writer who came to Salt Lake City some time ago and has become much interested in the city and the Latter-day Saint religion; John Sherman Walker, a young Salt Laker who is rapidly becoming a successful writer; and J. A. Owens, a newspaper man and prospector of Provo, Utah, who uses his spare time seeking the precious metals.

1 1 S' long! Why not write.



# BALANCE YOUR BUDGET

"Balancing the Budget" is just as vital in personal as in national affairs. And many have learned that during the present period of readjustment is a good time to accomplish it. Despite reduced incomes, many persons now have Savings Bank Accounts for the first time in their lives. You can be one of these by planning your expenditures in an orderly manner, making provision for a definite sum to be deposited each pay day in a Savings Account at one of the following banks:

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